

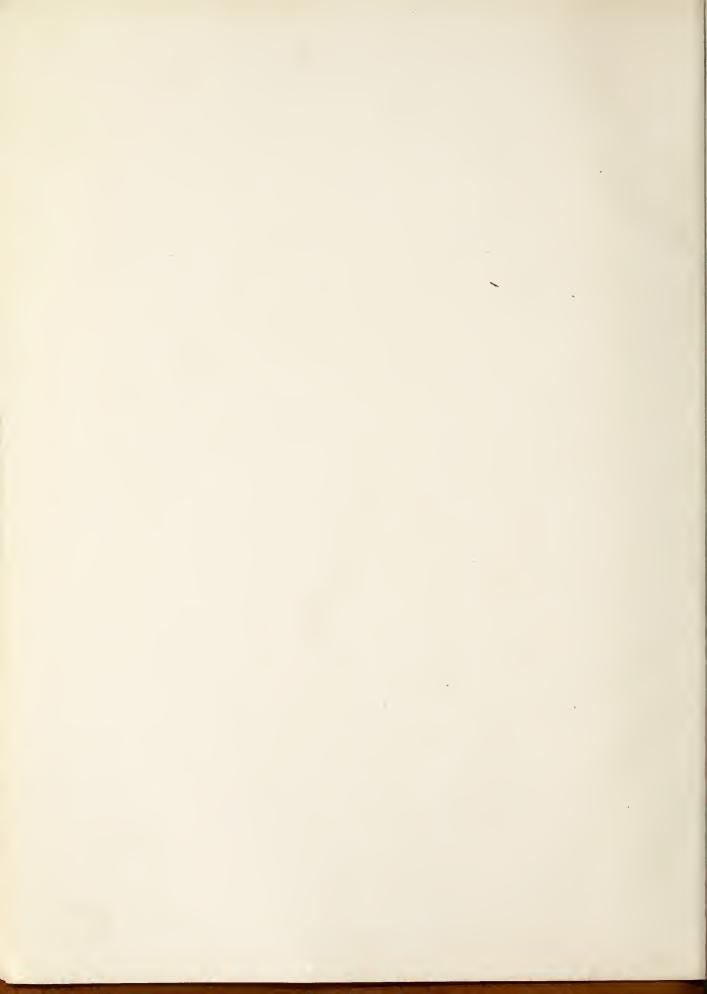
Frances Oliver.

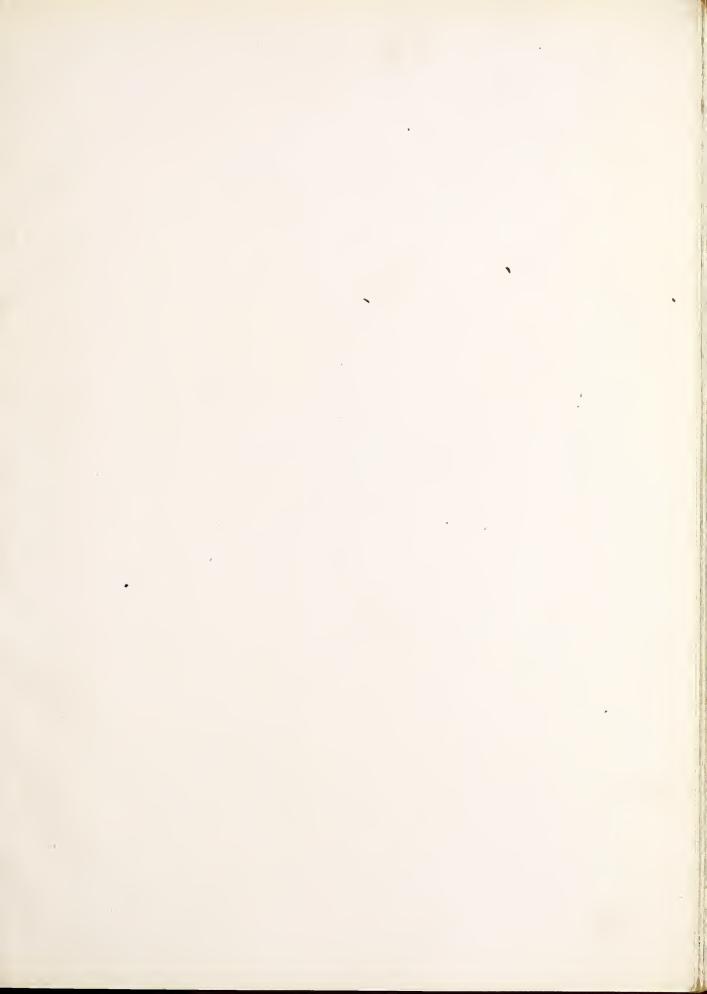














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CUPOLA



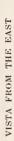
EDITED ANNUALLY BY THE JUNIOR CLASS
OF ROCKFORD COLLEGE

1910



TRIBUTE WORTHY THEE WE'D LAY,
SYMBOL OF OUR HEART'S DEEP WORSHIP
BREATHING ALL WE FAIN WOULD SAY;
GRACIOUS MOTHER, THOUGH THAT OFFERING
IN ITSELF A SMALL THING BE,
MAY ITS INCENSE, FRAGRANT RISING,
SPEAK OF LOYAL LOVE FOR THEE.

J. A. '13





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Oak Park High School, '06; Championship Team in Class Basket Ball, '07; Class Basket Ball '08; Art Editor of Annual, '09; Dramatic Club, '10; Secretary of House Committee, '10.

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CAROLINE E. WILLIAMS

Rockford High School, 'o6; Glee Club, 'o7, 'o8, 'o9, '10; Librarian of Glee Club, 'o9; Decoration Committee for Promenade, 'o8; Business Manager of Annual, 'o9.

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WILHELMINA BARFIELD - - - President
LOUISE GREEN - - Secretary and Treasurer
DOROTHY WHEELOCK - - Class Historian

The History of the Class of 1910

Being a Comedy Without a Plot

ACT I—SCENE I

Time, the Year 1906-7

HE gym is filled with an eager, attentive audience. The Freshmen are presenting a Tolo vaudeville. A gay Spanish troubadour in red sings to his lady in the balcony. Dancing girls pass in the street where his trusty henchmen await him. All is life and color. The curtain falls, applause rends the air, and the actors retire in joyful confusion.

SCENE II

Again the gym, this time bedecked with class colors and crowded with the happy throng of the visitors at the Winter Festival. A whistle sounds, from the center of the floor, a ball leaps into the air, there is a rush and a scramble, much noise, much breathless expectancy. Again the whistle sounds, there is a cry, "Victory to the Freshmen," and the gym is as a madhouse let loose.

SCENE III

It is early spring and dawn. Quiet still broods over the unawakened campus, only at the top of the flag-pole is there a bit of life, the flutter of a yellow banner in the breeze, and on the cupola a confusion of figures. It is the Freshmen, many Freshmen, and see! in the attic they have blocked the passage way with trunks and they have locked the attic door and under that fluttering yellow flag they hold high carnival. A wave of excitement passes amongst them, all heads are turned in one direction, and there, painfully making her way from the fire-escape to the roof, is one solitary Sophomore, with the gleam of hate in her eye and, clutching at her heart, a dumb despair.

SCENE IV

The time, late spring: the scene, the tennis court, and over the fresh green of the grass light figures move, and the Freshmen are winning the tennis-tournament, and so, with many trophics of victories won and duties accomplished, are closing their first year at Rockford.

ACT II—SCENE I

Time—The year 1907-8

Winter again and the moon at the full. The Freshmen are no longer Freshmen but as loyal Sophomores are devoting their lives and fortunes to

do honor to their Senior sisters. Now they give to them a hay-ride, and at the end of the ride there are good things to eat provided, and as they eat, the Sophomores sing to their sisters songs of praise and devotion which they have made for the occasion.

SCENE II

Winter has gone. The trees are a-leaf and the lilac-bush is a-bloom, and the hearts of the Seniors are made glad by a breakfast given to them by their sister-class under the oak trees near the river. There is eating and drinking and making merry and, with a smile on the lips and a sob in the throat, they toast each other and their Alma Mater.

SCENE III

Up through the silver path of the moonlight, between the black smudges of the river-shores, chug-chugs a blithe little boat, and once more the Seniors and Sophomores are together, only this time it is the Seniors who do honor, and in their kindly hospitality the Sophomores find comfort and pleasure.

SCENE IV

In the foreground, a wedding party, but the bride-to-be is sad of face and the bridegroom is a churlish knight. In the back-ground, the sloping green of the campus. As the wedding is about to proceed, a shrill whistle sounds, From the distance spring huntsmen in green. Quickly they break up the wedding party, and there before them all the bride is made happy, and marries, not the churlish knight, but her own true love. So the Sophomores present the story of Allan-a-Dale, for it is Class Day, and tomorrow they will awake to find themselves Juniors.

ACT III—SCENE I

Time—The year 1908-9

The gym is yellow, the Juniors in yellow, and the Freshmen wreathed in smiles, for the Juniors have a sense of their responsibilities and are giving the children a dance. And as they dance away the evening, they dance into each other's hearts, new loves and new loyalties, and so the new year is happily begun.

SCENE II

Straightway the Freshmen show their appreciation of past favors and they give the Juniors a party, a beautiful party at the Brown Teapot. There are cards and roses and music and chatter, and the Freshmen honor themselves in honoring the Juniors.

SCENE III

It is early, very early in the morning, suddenly there is a sound of voices

"As we bring our vernal offerings to our Alma Mater dear:" and around the corner of the building come girls in white with smilax in their hair. It is May Day, the Juniors' own day, and as the sun rises, they plant, with solemn rites and ceremonies, the little vine that is to symbolize their love for their Alma Mater; ever climbing, ever green.

SCENE IV

Once more the tennis court: once more our heroines are victorious, and this time there is a beautiful silver cup on which their names are to be inscribed, and so once more the class of 1910 has proved its worth.

SCENE V

Class Day has come and the Juniors must make their last appearance, so they show how the beautiful little princess was christened and blessed and crowned in the palace of the king, her father, and how she became the Sleeping Beanty, and how she was finally awakened by the handsome prince. There is much applanse from the spectators scattered on the campus green. And now the fatal moment has arrived and here before them all, their friends and well-wishers, they receive from the out-going class the sign of Seniordom, the cap and gown, which is to grace and dignify them through the coming year.

ACT IV—SCENE I

Time—The year 1909-10

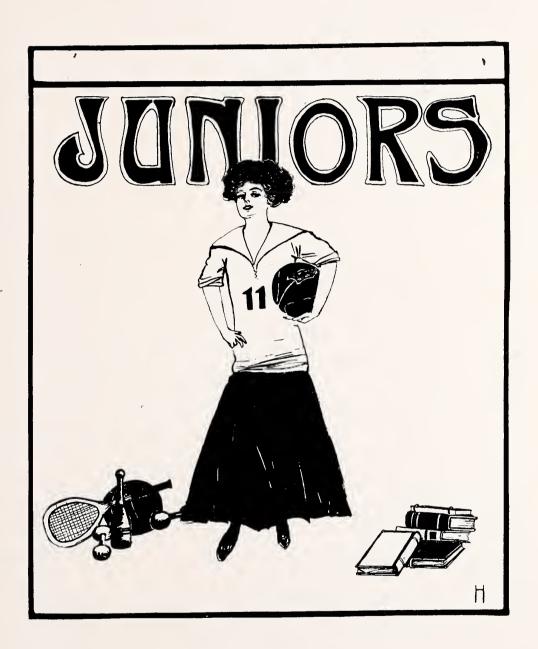
Behold evolution at work! Once they were Sophomores, bowing low before the Seniors, now they are Seniors and are bowed to in turn. Tonight the bowing takes the form of a theater-party, and the Sophomores are doing their best to make the Seniors forget their cares and troubles and return to the days of their youth. And the Sophomores are successful.

SCENE II

The Seniors give a supper to the Sophomores in the Senior room. The scalloped potatoes refuse to scallop, and they forget the gravy, and there is no salt in the peas, but the supper is a grand success. The Sophomores overlook any little shortcomings and every one is happy.

EPILOGUE

Here ends the manuscript. But there is a foreshadowing of things to come. Tree Day and Commencement and then long and happy lives for each and every one of us, with our hearts and minds trained and strengthened by our Alma Mater and by the life that we have spent within her walls.



Palm Readings by Madame Viesent de Xryhsie

(Privy to the Junior Class)

NORMA ALLEN

"O Pensive, tender maid, downcast and shy."

Shy! Yes, here I see the shy line and close beside it is the one for tenderness. The object of your affections is not plainly shown; there seems to be a large number of rather faint lines in its plan, suggesting your ability in the heartbreaking business. Do be careful! The faculty are all so inexperienced. The length of your second finger tells me that you are much addicted to classes in room 84. If this is true, lose no time in starting out on your career as "the English novelist of the 20th century." As a possible title for a good seller let me suggest, — "I loved her once, but there are others."

MARTHA DUNTON

"Her hair was not more sunny than her heart."

—Lowell.

Seldom have I read a palm showing so many varying characteristics. There is something magnetic here that draws—many checks on father's bank account. It is evident to all who know you that your's is a nature unusually calm and smooth—a perfect control of your temper prevents you from ever becoming furiousat trifles. You are, I fear, a little too much given to dreaming. I would suggest that you try to overcome this habit and cultivate more vivacity and a greater fondness for your Freshman friends. It is very hard for the young to have their affections unreciprocated.

EDNA HARRER

"I'm growing fonder of my staff."

The wavering and indistinct lines in this palm show a character easily influenced. You are easily led to do rash and foolish things. There is no indication here of executive ability, and seems to be a lack of application to your work. This no doubt accounts for your poor scholarship. You are too much given to idly dreaming of the future and of "lightheaded" men. Try to overcome your lack of hospitality and make your home a more pleasant meeting place for your friends.





BERTHA HUNTER

"Her wide gray eyes upon the goal were set, Calm and unmoved, as though no soul were near?"

Atalanta stood above your cradle, my child, and blessed you with strength and peace. Into your soul she gave desire for conquest, in the field of basket-ball and among the hearts of men. She will lead you through many conquests in both games and at the end will smile upon your first and last defeat—the defeat that to her brought happiness and to you will bring the same.



MAUDE HUBBARD

"Maude, Maude, Maude, One is come to woo her."

This hand has some very tell-tale markings. A strong inclination toward domestic science and a pronounced skittishness are plainly visible. This combination is rarely seen. I advise you to counteract it as far as possible by more careful attention to your daily conduct. A young girl should always be modest. In choosing a life work beware of both light and dark men. I suggest a convent as a safe trial.



FRANC JUDD

Here I see a line of pure genius—a genius for inveigling the unwary day-student into purchasing an Annual. Here also appears the mount of stratagem and foresight, resulting in a clearly marked ability in escaping tests and finals. This is an extremely bad sign. I should say that the owner of this hand is a charming conversationalist but somewhat unprincipled in business matters. The selling of gold-bricks would undoubtedly be a most congenial occupation.



MARJORIE KILBURNE

"A jairy thing, with red round cheeks, That always finds and never seeks."

The peculiar arrangement of lines in this hand reveals an erratic and feverish temperament, well adapted to mathematics and annoying the faculty. Happiness, however, can only be found in following a street piano. The two short lines at the base of the palm indicate a talent for strenuous proctoring and the odd breaking up of the life line fortells your grewsome end by lynching at the hands of the long suffering day-students.



ELIZABETH McKEE

"It was a fearful sight to see Such high resolve and constancy In form so soft and fair."

There seems to be some confusion here. The gods evidently intended you for a stump-speaker but various other influences have thwarted this gift. Does not the impulse often seize you to mount upon the table and declaim at great length? I see also, by the slant of the little finger, indication of a passionate and over-bearing nature. A pugnacious temperament like yours may best be subdued by some active, out-door employment such as coal-heaving, but, as I perceive that you have a well developed artistic taste, I advise you to take up parachute-jumping.



"Oh, that those lips had language!"

The peculiar shape of the thumb would seem to indicate a retiring and unassertive nature, and a great lack of determination. Try to forget yourself and gain, if possible, a greater degree of self confidence. Assert your rights more forcibly, and do not let people impose upon you. The lines indicate a mathematical inclination. Do not develop this; but devote yourself more wholly to "Art," and to acquiring a graceful manner of intruding and haranguing. Altho' now your speech is slow and hesitating, by great concentration and application you may develop greater ease and fluency.

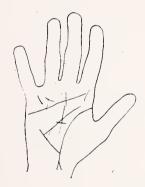




RUTH PETERSON

"----, checks so round and lips so red,
On her neck the small face buoyant,
like a bell-flower on its bed."

Oh fortunate maiden! Venus has endowed you richly with her own beauty and made psychology a joy unto your soul. See to it that you become not puffed-up and overly demonstrative. When moved to a boisterous display of your emotions, stop for a few moments and ponder upon the achievements of your class mates.



FLORENCE ROBERTS

There is every indication here of a frivolous and hair-brained character. The finger tips reveal an overwhelming tendency to procrastinate but this is more than off set by your indifference to the evils attendant upon the day of judgment. I would warn you from becoming too violently attached to strange persons. It is dangerous and unbecoming. The length of your thumb speaks well for your success as a bareback rider, but perhaps some of the curves shown here promise still greater reward in following the profession of chorus girl.



EDNA TEMPLETON

Here there is every indication of a serious and studious nature. The lines plainly indicate a deep seated aversion to the theatre and all things theatrical. An almost prudish attitude towards social gayieties of any sort and a desire for entire solitude, cause one to fear that you will be an old maid. The life line is short however, indicating poor heart control and the lines branching from it show an absolute disregard if not actual hatred of men.

The Story of 1911

N the autumn of 1907 a brand new baby class arrived at Rockford College. She was a baby because she was so very young and so very innocent and not because of her size—Oh dear no,—she was quite the biggest of the four sister classes, and those who had known the others from baby-hood up, said that she was bigger than they had ever been. Her name was 1911, but for short they called her '11. This name did not mean very much to her then; she accepted it as a matter of course, but it seemed a far away thing with little connection to her happy rollicking self. Later it came to mean more,—but I am getting on too fast with my story. An older sister who had gone away the June before had left to her a dress of old rose color and this too she accepted carelessly, for in her baby ignorance one bright color was as pleasing as another.

Really dressed for the first time and bubbling over with the pure joy of being alive, she started out on a rambumcious tour of investigation, not to conquer the world, (she thought that was hers already,) but to look about her at the many strange and interesting things in the new life and to learn the games her older sisters were playing so intently. Their games were all so different and confusing. Some were played in the dark after the lights had been put out, and these were very exciting and made her round eyes open still wider and her breath catch in little shocked gasps of delighted nervousness; then there were games played in the big, bare rooms with numbers on the doors. These she did not like so well, for the grandma's and aunties took part and always seemed to be "it"; somehow it made the play a little stupid. lastly there were the really truly games that she learned either on the tennis courts or in the gymnasium; among these basket-ball was her favorite. She played basket-ball very well indeed, and, as she grew more steady on her feet and learned not to shut her eyes and open her mouth when she saw the ball coming, her next older sister asked her to play the game with her. She consented, and they played together one night, little '11 quite covering herself with glory and conceit, for she won the game easily and surprised both her

After this her baby arrogance knew no bounds, and she sister and herself. must have been a sore trial to the family; but they treated her gently, for they had known other babies and felt sure that she would acquire wisdom later on. The sister named 1909 was especially kind and treated her with more consideration than did the others. She had made a party for '11 when she was very little and now '11 thought herself old enough to give one in return. It was quite a pretentious affair and reflected much credit upon the young hostess who received with all the dignity her short fat legs and bobbing curls would permit. This was her social debut and firmly established her as a member of society, but it was not sufficient to satisfy her longings for supremacy. So, in the grey of an early morning, when the cold March wind was whistling over the chimneys, she clambered to the topmost point in the cupola and fastened to the flag staff there her pennant of old rose felt. Crowing with glee, she then defied the irate sisters who would fain have plucked her from her lofty perch and carried her kicking and screaming to her mother. All through the first hour class and during chapel she remained upon the highest trunk, catching her death of cold but quite indifferent to both threats and bribes. Only when those storming the fort retired in utter defeat, did she descend, and, bearing her colors aloft, lead a triumphal march about the campus. This was the last color rush ever held at R. C.; the pain it caused the Sophomores was too intense.

Sometime after this when the days had grown warmer, baby '11 and the whole family went away on a long vacation. No one has ever found out where it was she went that summer; some say one thing, some say another; but certain it is that when she came back she was very much changed. The curls had straightened out and the chubby little legs had grown long and thin, but worst of all her nose was broken. Another baby class had come and her place was taken. This was an awkward time; she felt that she ought to act with all the decorum of a grown-up but was uncertain as to the best way of going about it. After long deliberation the idea of giving a progressive dinner party occurred to her as being the wisest plan and accordingly she made very elaborate preparations for entertaining her favorite sister. Four courses were given at as many different homes scattered throughout the city, and during the long walks between, in the soft autumn dusk, the two became better acquainted than ever before.

A month later '11 played a match game of basket ball with the youngster who had arrived that fall, and, out of the kindness of her heart, she Even as had been predicted, '11 was acquirallowed the dear child to win. ing wisdom. Indeed, so fast was she growing up that her grandmas and aunties, becoming alarmed for fear their little girl was growing away from them into young lady hood, invited her to a baby party in the studio loft. The likes of this affair has never been seen before or since; words are powerless to describe the scene that ensued when young-old and old-young mingled on equal ground. Those who took part will remember it to their dying day and others shall be spared the stinging envy that detailed description would arouse in their bosoms. Strangely enough this night did not spoil the child, nor did it in any way stunt her growth; she continued merrily on her way and shortly afterward was asked by her oldest sister to an all-day picnic at the Dells. They went in busses drawn by such fractious steeds that any dullness which might have been caused by the long ride was entirely forgotten. In fact a more strenuous trip cannot well be imagined; the faint hearted members of the party must have walked a good share of the way, while those who possessed a fine disregard for broken legs and imminent death chung to the jouncing vehicle and tried not to hear the low but heart-felt curses of the driver. It may be mentioned in passing that although torrents were leaped and precipices scaled that day no fatality occured to mar the hilarity of the occasion. They all returned, safe and sound, to gather themselves together These were to be a sort of mile-stone in for a mad rush through the finals. 11's College career; now or never was her name to be honored and preserved and its full meaning dawned upon her for the first time. It meant that on a June morning two years hence she would be leaving R. C. and all its associations, her record closed and her name a matter of history. This thought put a new seriousness into her feeling toward the sister class who was going On the last day of commencement they breakfasted away that month, together out on the wide verandah, where the air was sweet with spring odors and the wet grass could be seen shimmering under the slanting rays of the early morning sun. Here they toasted each other for the last time and said goodbye.

The following September 1911 was back again at the college, noticeably thinner and more sedate; her skirts were lengthened and she was doing up

her hair. You know she was playing "little mother" to the baby sister just arrived and the task required dignity and much forbearance. Such a fat, heavy baby as it was! 1911 could scarcely get her arms around her, but of course she loved her dearly and did her best to ruin the child's digestion by feeding her the very first thing upon pink candy and purple frappe. The babe survived, and 1911 took a few lessons on Infant Diet, but that early indulgence cast the die for future entertainments. Somewhat later a card party, over which the little sister of a few months presided as hostess, was given for 1911 at the Nelson Hotel. Every body had a lovely time and 1911 remembers it as one of the nicest parties she ever attended; it made her very proud of the small girl who had come to stand beside her through her last two years at the college. But these years are mostly in the future and so you see I cannot finish my story tonight but another time, I promise, some one else will tell you the last chapter in the life history of the little girl whose name is 1911.

Junior Officers

MARTHA DUNTON,	-	-	-	-	President
BERSHA HUNTER,	-	-	-	-	- Vice President
MAUDE HULBARD,	-		-	-	Secretary and Treasurer
MARJORIE KILBURN,	-	-			- Class Historian



To you we sing, dear Rockford,
To you we'll e're be true,
Tonight we wear your emblem,
The flower of purple hue.
We'll love you, ever love you,
Each year come back to you,
Our love, our faith, our loyalty,
Are all for you.



Sophomore Class

HELEN BARTHOLOMEW

"'Twas a hand, white, delicate, dimpled, warm, languid, and bland."

MARY BROWN

"One may smile and smile, and be a villain still."

DEBORAH CARR

"'Twere better to eat to live than live to eat."

MARIE CARSON

"When I was home, I was in a better place, But travellers must be content."

MARY LOUISE CHESHIRE

I wonder that you will still be talking, Signorina Cheshire, nobody marks you.

LUCILLE CRAIG

All the world's a stage, and I the only player on it.

IDA DEWEY

So wise, so young, they say ne'er live long.

SARAH EBERLY

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer, with sighs of love.

DORIS FULLER

"For daring nonsense seldoms fails to hit Like scattered shot, and pass with some for wit."

LELLA FULLER

I can feint a faint as well as any.

RUTH HATHAWAY

Cut, and come again.

GRACE HETTINGER

A mere speck on the landscape, always seeking something to devour.

CAROLINE HINTZE

I may be little, but I'm wise.

ELLA JENSEN

A mere shadow of her former self.

LOLA JEFFRIES

"She knew whatever's to be known,
But much more than she knew, would own."

JESSIE KILE

"She was in logic a great critic, Profoundly skilled in analytic."

ELICE KEYT

"Eternal sunshine radiates from her head."

GERTRUDE LUTZ

"So we'll go no more a'roving so late into the night."

SADIE RADCLIFFE

Church attendance is a pleasure—there's a boy's choir.

EDNA RENDALL

"Up, up, my friend, and quit thy study, Or it will make thee double."

DOROTHY RIEDESEL

"I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver Of my whole course of love."

MARY ROGERS

"Man wants but little here below, But wants that little long."

MARGUERITE STEVENS

"Laughter, holding both his sides."

IONE WALKER

"And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans, Still we went coupled, and inseparable."

JEANETTA WETZEL

There is little of the melancholy element in her.

Sophomore Officers

Lola Jeffries	-	-	-	-		President
Edna Rendall		-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer
NORMA HAEGG	_	_	_	_		- Class Historian

Sophomore Class History

ISTORY, according to the Honorable Noah W., is a narration of events in the order in which they happen, with their causes and effects, and admits of the observations of the writer. (This last admission is null and void. The editor not being a Sophomore, choked from trying to swallow the rhapsodical eloquence with which the writer "observed" the class of 1912, and after using up a brand new blue pencil, a stock of patience-of-Job, and an extensive vocabulary, politely requested aforesaid writer to come off her dizzy pinnacle called "perch.")

History will now proceed in chronological order of events. The first of importance following the scared confusion of arrival, was our infantile debut at the Tolo baby party. After demonstrating we had been properly brought up on Mellin's food, we were voted such a howling success that later we were initiated into the club. This was the occasion of a vaudeville and a minstrel show that eclipsed all previous performances in the gym. Having reached some semblance of a class by this time, we plunged into politics via an elec-No casualities were reported, and the returns showed Fanchon Hathaway elected President, and Marie von Schroeder appointed to get us into The Juniors sponsored our social debut, and in return were tendered a card party at the Brown Tea-pot. At the Informal and the Prom., we were voted the "best looking bunch" (cf. Rockford and Beloit men) that ever came to R. C. And then, O illustrous date in 1912 history! The Freshman team with Elsie Carr, captain, defeated their Sophomore rivals in the annual basket-ball game, score 19-12. How we yelled, and cheered, and hugged ourselves hoarse (never mind the figure) at having won the first athletic honors of the year! In Tennis we came out second best in the finals for the cup. Not so bad, considering the briefness or our existence. We helped swell the chorus in the Glee Club, and the prima donna who radiates in the front row is our own Gertrude Lutz.

In March, the annual banquet was given at the Thadwa, despite the combined efforts of the other classes to assist. The happy toasts and inspiring songs and yells served more than ever to bring out the class spirit, and bind the tie that holds the class together.

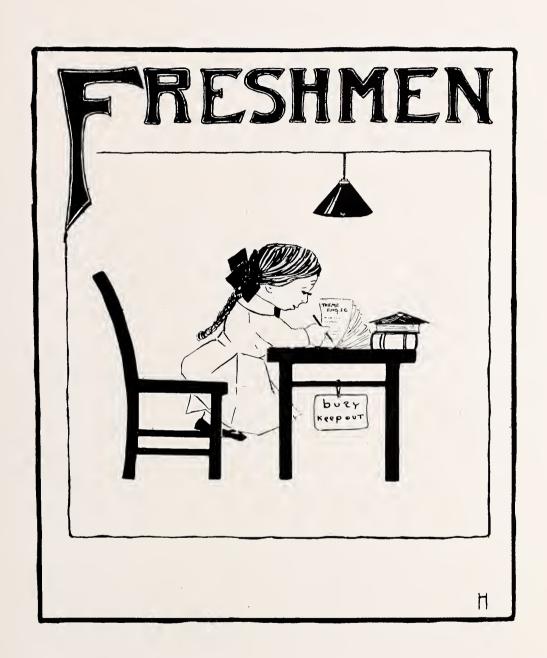
The closing days of our Freshman year came all too soon; class day with the varied color of its campus pictures, and then commencement with its impressive ceremonies, when with throbbing pride we felt what it really meant to BELONG to Rockford. There was a shade of sadness at parting with the Seniors whom we had come to know and respect so well. Then with laughing good-byes, and "see you again next term," to our classmates, we scattered to the four points of the compass.

September brought us back with tanned faces, fresh resolutions, and an overwhelining knowledge of the fact that we had attained to the dignity of Sophomores, coupled with a desire to forcefully impress it on the Freshmen. To be sure, we were fewer in number, some having deserted on the abolishment of the sororities, others had gone to places where they wouldn't have to think, and the rest of the absent ones stayed home in order to wish they were back. However our loss was made up by some notable additions, especially "500 Club" Rogers, and Dorothy Riedesel. After the class election, which resulted in Lola Jeffries being chosen to guide the destinies of the Sigh-formores, Edna Rendall to foot the bills, and Norma Haegg to tell how it happened, we set about to prove expectations. We entertained the Seniors at a theater party to see "Beauty Spot." Eloquent silence follows the mention of this to any Soph or Senior. Appropriately enough, the Seniors gave us a quiet little supper afterwards. With the inimitable Fraulein, the class went on a bob-ride spree when the snow was fine, and of course the whole paraphernalia had to tip over on the South Second street bridge. On the trip, the town was vociferously notified that our wife had went to the country, and entertained with yells and songs. It is just these times when the class gets together, sings the Rockford songs we love so well, that we realize again what a dear old college world it is after all.

Since the Freshman year is a period of budding genius, the Sophomore is the reign of committees, and a glance at the list will convince that we are "there." So far, our history is incomplete. In athletics we are striving to to keep our honors. In the social, musical, literary, or dramatic life of the school we will do our share. Nor will we hold our scholarship of secondary importance. In all things, the aim of Alma Mater is high. Well would we aspire to her highest!



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Freshman Class

Frances Green - - - - - - - President
Lorna Lovejoy - - - - - Vice-President
Eunice Bowman - - - - Secretary and Treasurer
Iris Evans - - - - Class Historian

Avres, Ruth Anderson, Jean Arthur, Clara Abbot, Mary Abbot, Vida Amborn, Hazel Armstrong, Margaret Barnett, Grace Bartlett, Helen Blair, Mabel Bender, Adelia Bitler, Lillian Booker, Jean Bowman, Eunice Burke, Jeannette Broderson, Hedwig Brearly, Lucy Brown, Cornelia Brown, Clarella, Champlin, Hazel Coulter, Flossie Coman, Caryl Dale, Florence Duncan, Florence Duncan, Mae Eddy, Gladys Evans, Iris Fenton, Irene Forrest Helen Floberg, Mamie Franklin, Camilla

Farnsworth, Adelia Grismer, Anna George, Iola Green, Frances Hatch, Alice Hoole, Kathleen Hutchinson, Anne Hathaway, Enid Hotchkiss, Edith Helm, Elizabeth Johns, Evalvn Johnson, Theresa Johnson, Sylvia Johnson, Emily Klinkenburg, Florence Koclı, Hazel Keith, June Leise, Ethel Lvon, Lucile Lovejov, Lorna Maack, Marguerite Miller, Bertha Mo, Alice Marks, Rachael MacKay, Bess McCumber, Bess McMillen, Florence Murdough, Gladys Norton, Margaret Oliver, Frances

Peterson, Hilda Pollock, Sara Porter, Hazel Pritchard, Winifred Randley, Margaret Rhodes, Louise Reid, Roberta Roberts, Elizabeth Roberts, Gladys Rice, Gladys Stewart, Ethel Shultz, Edith Stanton, Irene Shager, Alta Talbott, Maud Taggart, Amv Tolleson, Marie Upson, Hazel Vaughan, Jeannette Van Wickle, Winifred Vocks, Olga Waller, Maie Weld, Mary Wertz, Frances Wickoff, Minna Wheelock, Marguerite White, Marion Zuttermeister, Grace Yankey, Alma

Parker, Pauline

Freshman Class History

[An extract from "Lives of Great Women," a work which will undoubtedly be published in the early part of the next century.]

HAT the lives of these illustrious women, whose moral and intellectual attainments have placed them among the greatest women of all times, and consequently on a plane above all others of their own time, should be so intertwined is scarce to be wondered at when we consider how strikingly near of an age they were. But one of the most curious coincidences ever recorded is that, of this entire number, over half entered the same college in the same year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and nine. Even this might not be so startling had the college been one or our largest of that day. But our Rockford, now so well known throughout the world, was then only a small woman's college of some two hundred odd students. Hence, what we referred to but a moment since as a mere coincidence becomes too curious to be regarded as such and can be interpreted only as a thing predestined. Merely by tracing the history of this remarkable class through its freshman year we are able to see some of the forces which were to make the twentieth century so important an epoch in the world's history.

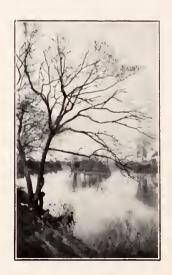
This class, consisting of girls, entered the college in the latter part of September and, though its members were not fully appreciated by their instructors (as has been discovered through some of their old reports), they were recognized from the moment of their arrival, by instructors and fellow students alike, as something out of the ordinary. They have been described as "full of vitality, eager for knowledge, quick to learn, exceptionally original, responsive to any suggestion for their betterment, and full of loyalty to each other and the school,—in fact all that might have been expected of women born to lead."

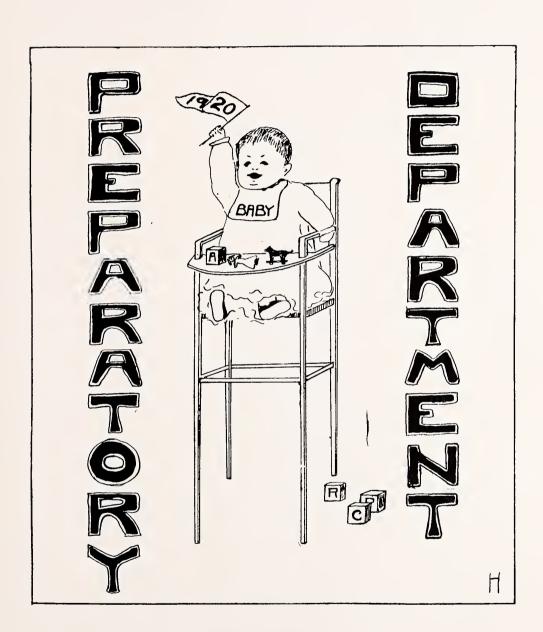
Their first initiation to college life came by way of a "baby party" (with the newcomers as actors) given by the sophomores for the amusement of the "old girls." Suffice it to say that the party was a glorious success, but the amusement lay largely with the "Freshies." Shortly after a grand opera was demanded of them as their entrance fee to Tolo (a club to which everyone belonged.) The incredibly short space of time in which this opera was gotten up and its remarkable success were excellent proofs of the latent qualities of its performers. Meanwhile, though so slightly acquainted with one another,

they had shown their judgment by selecting as their president the late Frank Green and as secretarial and financial agent the renowned Eunice Bowman. In return for the favors shown them by their sisters, the Juniors, they planned and carried out an afternoon's entertainment at the Nelson hotel which would have done credit to persons of much greater experience. Later in the year, in connection with a bazaar given for the purpose of swelling the endowment fund, a junior-freshman senior-sophomore basket ball game was given. The freshman representatives, Van Wickle and Zuttermeister, won great applause and most of the points.

These, though a very few of the interesting incidents which took place in the early college days of these celebrated women (I omit the rest simply because they are of so little consequence in comparison with their later brilliant achievements), these incidents, by their very nature, bring out so clearly and forcefully the traits of these esteemed paragons that it seemed mere folly for the author to neglect them and so expose them to the risk of being lost to future generations.

Baby's in a high-chair,
Who put him up there,
Ma——? Pa——?
Zip-boom-bah!
Rockford Freshmen,
Rah! Rah! Rah!





Preparatory Girls

Annette Shou	IDY -		-	-	-		President
Martha Patr	ICK	-	-	-	-	Secretary and	Treasurer
ROBERTA RANS	юм -		-	_	-	- Class	Historian

Lillian Anderson Ruth Mitchell Sadie McLaren Lucile Barnes Evelyn Norton Marguerite Chase Genevieve Newman Genevieve Compton. Frances Cornwell Elsie Nelson Hazel Fille Martha Patrick Marguerite Patet Katherine Foltz Roberta Ransom Dorothy Garst Cynthia Gordon Annette Shoudy Dorothy Garver Helen Tribou Bess Horton Gertrude Torrey Januette McMaster Elizabeth Talcott Janet Wormwood Ruth McMillan

Preparatory History

HERE are twenty-six of us in the preparatory department, among whom may be found Katherine the complacent, Betty the vivacious, Shoudy the daring, Jan the assertive, Lillian the proper, Babe the sentimental, and Trib the economical.

Fourteen of us live in Penfield Cottage under the surveillance of Miss Buffum. Our student government is improving, and by the end of the year we expect it to be as capable as that of the college. Bess Horton made a competent house-president for the first semester, and Katherine Foltz has already shown her ability. The other day-students live in Adams Hall during the day. (For a short time, one of our honorable members was permitted to have her desk in the hall, so that the room might be more quiet.)

We have given three preparatory parties this year. The first was a masquerade, at which we dressed in gentlemen's attire and had the privilege of each asking a college girl. It was altogether excitable and enjoyable. Annette Shoudy was reported to have made the best looking man.

Then our informal! Even with all the slurs and slams cast upon it, we know that the boys had a fine time. The gym was decorated with pennants. A vintage termed "Ice Water" was served during the dancing, and afterwards novel refreshments in the Freshman room.

Our third function was a theatre party. We all went to see DeWolf Hopper in "The Matinee Idol." Miss Buffum and Miss Church chaperoned.

We must tell you about some of our Red-letter days! Will anyone ever forget the prep bob-ride? How much fun it was to don our oldest clothes, climb in the bob, and be away with a shout! We sang, gave college yells, and made all the noise possible. Miss Buffum also chaperoned this ride.

Then the day that Jannette's chair collapsed in Vergil. She says that the chair was unsteady, but we know that the weight of the accumulated knowledge in her brain was too much for one poor chair.

One beautiful autumn afternoon, far too nice to stay indoors, the fourth prep. English class assembled at the usual hour. Two bells rang, and no Miss Church. The third rang, and still no teacher! The minutes were anxiously counted and the required five ticked away. We made one dash for outdoors, and dispersed in many directions. About one minute after, came Miss Church in a tearing hurry. No class, no anything. Surely she had a right to be irritated. So, next morning, we found in our mail boxes a slip giving notice of a two page theme to be written, and an examination to prepare for. Motto: Never observe the "five-minute rule."



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Tolo

FOR THUS THE ORACLE SPAKE

"Once upon a time there did dwell in the college called Rockford, a certain club, called Tolo. And it came to pass that the club called Tolo, with all the members of the school in its tribe, had charge of all the light social functions of each year. Behold! on the eve of their initiation the new members of the tribe of the club called Tolo, presented before the other members of the tribe an excellent drama. For so had the fates decreed. This drama was wonderful, marvelous. Nothing had ever equalled it within the oracles of the tribe. And it came to pass that thus the club came into the sixth year of its existence. Again, on the eve of that eventful time called Hallowe'en the fates decreed that there should be a great pow-wow with much dancing and great decorations. And so the pow-wow was held and there was much dancing and great decorations and from the darkness of the witches' den each member of the tribe beheld her future fate or partook freely of the bubbling As the night wore on and the wee sma' hours of the morning approached, it happened that the sound of a bell was heard and one by one, or two by two, the members of the tribe of the club called Tolo, disappeared into the darkness without and the camp lay in peaceful solitude until the next great pow-wow which took place on the eve of St. Valentine's day. Again the fates decreed a pow-wow and as the members of the tribe entered the great space cleared for the occasion they saw many red hearts and festoons of red and black. And, anon, there was much dancing and merrymaking until at the command of the oracle the lights went out and the members of the club called Tolo disappeared again in the darkness." E. A. K., '12.











Tolo Officers

FIRST SEMESTER

MARY JAMIESON	-	-				President
ELICE KEYT -	-	-	-	-	Secretary and	! Treasurer
		SECON	D SEMES	ľER		
RACHAEL ROBERTS		-				President
Martha Dunton	-	-	-	-	Secretary ana	Treasurer



NE of the organizations of which Rockford College is especially proud, is its Glee Club. It has an enrollment of sixty-five members who meet in the chapel twice a week to do the work, earnestly yet willingly, which we hope will result in a very successful concert. Last year the club repeated the program given in Rockford, in Oak Park, and then in Chicago. Accuracy of pitch and rhythm, fineness of quality, and depth of expression, reached their culmination in the last of the three concerts. We hope that the enthusiasm inspired by the success attained last year, together with the patience and accuracy of the director, and the willing spirit which each girl has shown so far to do her part, will bring forth a concert which is the best one ever given by a Rockford College Glee Club.

E. J., '12.

Program

I Schubert Hark, Hark the I McDowell Summer V Ambrose The Dusk W GLEE CLUB II Delibes Indian Bell S MRS. BOLLMAN III Nevin Mighty lak a I Nevin My Ro Rogers The Night has a Thousand I (Written for and dedicated to the Rockford College Glee Clu SEMI-CHORUS IV College Songs— We belong to Rockford College Purple White There's a College Tolo Club	Vind
McDowell Summer V Ambrose The Dusk W GLEE CLUB II Delibes Indian Bell S MRS. BOLLMAN III Nevin Mighty lak a R Nevin My Ro Rogers The Night has a Thousand S (Written for and dedicated to the Rockford College Glee Clu SEMI-CHORUS IV College Songs— We belong to Rockford College Purple White There's a College	Vind
Delibes Indian Bell S MRS. BOLLMAN III Nevin Mighty lak a Rogers My Rogers The Night has a Thousand Rogers Love's High (Written for and dedicated to the Rockford College Glee Clusent-Chorus IV College Songs— We belong to Rockford College Purple White There's a College	/itch
MRS. BOLLMAN III Nevin Mighty lak a land of the Nevin	
Nevin Mighty lak a Nevin My Ro Rogers The Night has a Thousand Cadman Love's High (Written for and dedicated to the Rockford College Glee Clu SEMI-CHORUS IV College Songs— We belong to Rockford College Purple White There's a College	Song
Nevin My Ro Rogers The Night has a Thousand I Cadman Love's High (Written for and dedicated to the Rockford College Glee Clu SEMI-CHORUS IV College Songs— We belong to Rockford College Purple White There's a College	
College Songs— We belong to Rockford College Purple White There's a College	sary Eyes iway
College Songs— We belong to Rockford College Purple White There's a College	
The School for Girls Give a Cheer for our College	
V	
Bendall Lady of Sh (Mrs. Bollman, Soloist) Semi-Chorus	alott
IV	
Pierne Fair Se Landsberg Dry Yo' Wilson	



SIGNORINA CAROLINA DEFABRITIIS
DIRECTOR

Glee Club Officers

Edna M. Harrer	-	-		-	-	-	- President
NORMA M. ALLEN		-	-		-	-	Business Manager
ELLA JENSEN	-	-		-	-	-	- Librarian

Glee Club '09-'10

First Sopranos

*Lucile Craig Hazel Fill *Gladys Eddy Lola Jeffries *Glen Downing Emilie Johnson *Ella Jensen Florence Klinkenberg *Gertrude Lutz Margorie Kilburn *Edna Templeton Ruth Preston Ruth Ayres Sadie Radcliffe Hazel Amborn Edith Shultz Adelia Bender Maude Talbot Lucy Brearly Ione Walker Clarella Brown Maie Waller Helen Bartlett Marguerite Wheelock Marie Carson Minna Wikoff

Second Sopranos

*Frances Cornwell Enid Hathaway *Ida Dewey Elice Keyt *Caroline Godfrey Elsie Nelson *Caroline Hintze Hazel Porter *Hazel Smith Gladys Rice Mabel Blair Annette Shoudy Lucile Barnes Marguerite Stevens Helen Bartholomew Jeanetta Wetzel Adelia Farnsworth Grace Zuttermeister

Mary Louise Cheshire

^{*}Members of Semi Chorus.

First Altos

*Clara Arthur

*Deborah Carr

*Iola George

*Caroline Waterman

Doris Fuller

Bertha Hunter

Edna Harrer

Janette McMaster

Second Altos

*Norma Allen

*Marie Floberg

*Margaret Randlev

*Marion White

Myrtle Barber

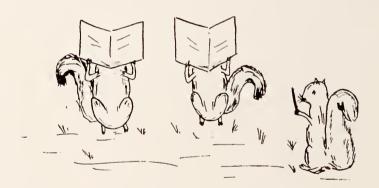
Anna Grismer

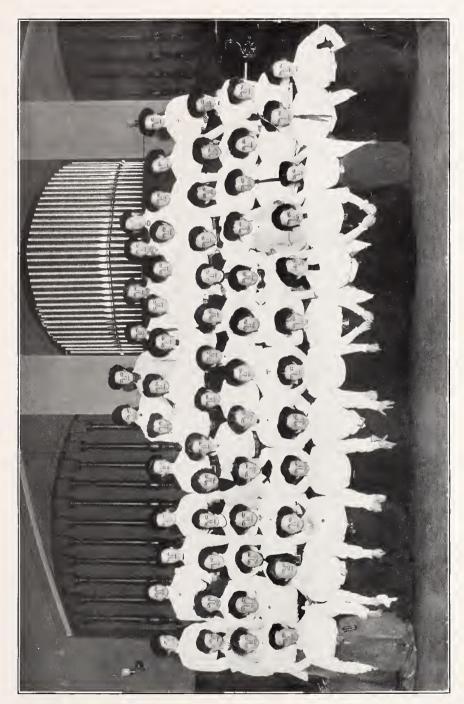
Maude Hubbard

Franc Judd

Caroline Williams

*Members of Semi Chorus.





The Dramatic Club



MONG all the organizations of the eollege in the past, the only one that seemed to be lacking was a dramatic club. This fall, after many students had gone through the frightful ordeal of reading before a committee of four, thirty-two of the number were selected as the ones having the most dramatic ability, and a club was formed.

The purpose of the club is to ereate an interest in dramatic work. An effort will be made to produce standard plays, so that the members will become aequainted with the best dramas and dramatists. It is hoped that the study and efforts of the club will not only be benficial to its members, but that its influence may spread to the school at large, that all will enjoy the plays, be glad for the success, and overlook some of the mistakes, thus en-

couraging all who take part, and making the organization a stronger one.

Every girl in college is eligible to the club if she can show the executive committee in the "try ont" that she has dramatic ability. One of the very attractive features of the club, is that there are no dues. Admission is charged for each play, and from the proceeds, all bills are paid, and perhaps by next year, enough money can be saved so that the club can buy seenery of "its very own." When there is better seenery, better plays can be given.

So far only one play has been presented, and at present the easte is working on Oliver Goldsmith's "A Good-Natured Man." The Dramatic Club is very young yet, and too much must not be expected of it, but if each play excels the one preceding it, as it will, and if it is supported by the school, we soon will have a strong, well established organization that the college will be proud of.

W. B. B., '10.

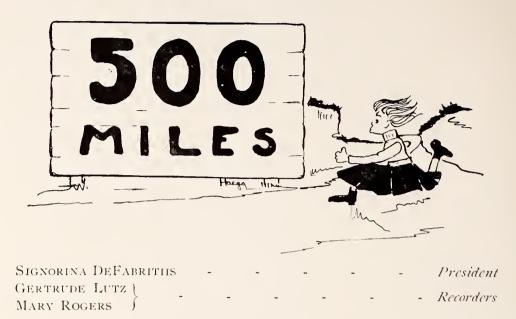
Members of the Dramatic Club

Wilhelmina B. I	3AR	FIE	LD			-		-		-		-		-		-	Presi	dent
Lella Fuller		-	-		-		-		-		-		-		_		Secre	rtary
ALICE C. REESE	-		_	-		-		-		-		-		-		-	Treas	urer
Madge Kilburn		-		-	-		-		-		-		-		Bu	isine	ess Man	ager
Lou Craig -	-		-	_		_		-		-	\mathcal{L}	ir	ecte	or	for	r Fi	rst Sem	ester

Norma Allen Wilhelmina B. Barfield Hedwig Broderson Myrtle Barber Deborah Carr Lou Craig Iris Evans Lella Fuller Katherine Foltz Louise Green Grace Hettinger Anne Hutchinson Mary Jamieson Lola Jeffries Ella Jensen Madge Kilburn

Alice Mo
Florence McMillen
Clara Noyes
Martha Patrick
Marguerite Patet
Alice Reese
Rachel Roberts
Elizabeth Roberts
Sadie Radcliffe
Dorothy Riedisell
Marguerite Tucker
Marie Tolleson
Edna Templeton
Hazel Upson
Marion White

Gertrude Lutz



The "500" Club

TE whose feet are soft and tender, Who love patent leather booties, Cloth top shoes, and high-heeled slippers, Listen to the call of nature And to that of Signorina. High heeled shoes are not for walking, For the wet and stormy weather; Put on heavy boots of leather-To the country with a vengeance; See what nature has to offer. Thus besought the girls responded All inspired, enthusiastic, Just to show that they could do it. Bought pedometers so quickly That they broke before they knew it. So the distances were measured To and fro across the city Round the bridges, past the factories, Down to "Stew's," and other places; And the miles increased in number Soon to reach desired five hundred. Now the year is quite half over Many have their miles most done, And we're sure that all will merit Rockford pins when June is come.

F. McM. '13

The Student Self Government of Rockford College

OVERNMENT "of the people, by the people, for the people" might serve as the Rockford College motto. As it is, we have "Decus et Veritas" on our seal. But ultimately, both ideas amount to the same thing because history has shown that the springs of honor and truth lie in the people and it takes the people, as self-rulers, to bring them to light.

Certain rights have been granted the students at Rockford by the faculty and, in accordance with these rights, laws have been made by the students in general assembly. The laws are administered by a committee of five chosen by the girls from their own number. Under this student government, comes the regulation of church and chapel attendance and the maintainance of peace in the house.

This system of self-government has a decided practical value. It trains the student to realize the real value of her individual will, to relate it to that of her next door neighbor, and in turn to subordinate it to the good of the whole body of girls. It brings home forcibly to the student mind the value of organized government; since every branch is manipulated by the student, and the reasons why the laws are made, are self-evident. It teaches cooperation, for nothing can be done without the unity brought about by freedom of action, speech and uniformity of purpose.

Here we have the best things that can come to anyone; freedom and equality. In the end, from consideration of this sort of government, comes a realization that the essence of self-rule is the individual good merged in the good of all.

A. C. R. '10.



Sovereigns of an Hour

♦ O begin with, things had been going all wrong that day. Nurse was undeniably at the bottom of it all. She had been abominably cranky and cross, else she would never have tattled the way she did, and for such a trifle. It was this way. In the morning you and brother had sought Selma in the kitchen, feeling that you must have a big piece of bread with sugar on it to tide you over till luncheon. But unluckily Selma wasn't there and you found yourselves alone in the kitchen with the pantry door seducingly open, those realms being sacred to Selma, and especially barred to little boys and girls. Temptations lurked in every corner, thro' the open pantry door numerous glass jars and uncovered dishes winked and beckoned and moreover grim lunger threatened to make an end of you. So on guilty tip-toes and with constant timorons glances over shoulders at the door, you and brother moved pantry-wards. You hadn't really intended to touch any thing on those shelves, and least of all the olives and jam — your simple wants could have been satisfied by a plain piece of bread — but with the above mentioned eatables staring you in the countenance and fairly begging to be removed from the uncongenial shelf, what could one do?

There were the olives in a round bowl without a plate on top, and there was the jam in a saucer and — Selma, nurse and the world forgottten, and then, just as you were on your sixth olive and Donald was dispatching his last spoonful of jam, came heavy footsteps in the passage, a sudden opening of the door, and Jane and Selma appeared simultaneously on the scene, and then Jane's vile temper asserted itself and she dragged you and Donald up to mother, both doing your best on the way, to injure her for life.

Mother sternly regarded the culprits, while Jane eloquently stated the case. And then upon the tense air had fallen mother's awful sentence. "There will be no dessert tonight for Janet and Donald." Silently, quickly, you and Donald stole away to the barn to rid your breasts of stifling emotions, and this for a few paltry olives that were old and dry anyway, and for a little bit of jam which, when all was said, was nothing but seeds that stuck in a person's teeth just dreadful!

Well, there must be some place where one had enough to eat without being punished, and where there was justice, equal rights, and dessert at night for all. The only thing to do was to escape from these intolerable surroundings and to find others more congenial, and perhaps, when Jane and mother stood at night by little empty beds, they'd be sorry, tho' too late. Yes, you both agreed, flight was the only alternative when life was so beset by nasty Janes and robbed of its sweetness by stingy mothers.

It seemed best to bottle up your wrath and partake of luncheon under the enemy's roof, though to be sure the food would almost choke you. Jane presided at the table and her continued crossness made the approaching wrench the easier. For to tell the truth, when the time came, most of your wrath had subsided and left in its place only a deep sorrow, and regret that such a step should be necessary. It was so obvious that little children were not wanted in that house! Donald was even inclined to be weepy, especially when it came to parting forever from certain toys. He took his tin soldiers with him and also his calico dog, Cerberus, for of course they wouldn't like to be left alone.

You took old Polly the rag doll, and caught up Thomas the cat at the door. Thomas was very unwilling and struggled desperately for freedom. Jane was in the kitchen wiping dishes for Selma, so you and Donald left the paternal roof forever, unobserved. You kept to the road that went straight ahead, the road where every day you walked with Jane, trusting that in time von'd get to somewhere. Donald explained the whole situation at length, to the soldiers and the dog, and they listened with a calm, sympathetic expression which plainly said "Just so. You are entirely right, as usual. I'd have done the same myself." You were mean time having your trouble with Thomas who wasn't in an acquiesent mood. He resented bitterly the indignity of travelling with Polly and grew more rebellious at every step. You had walked for miles and miles, as it seemed to you, and your burdens were beginning to grow heavy and Donald to whimper, when all of a sudden, Thomas by a mighty effort leapt from your arms and sendded away. He struck for the open meadows, and without delay you and brother plunged after. Swift as the wind went Thomas and headed straight for a shallow ravine which you had often seen, green and tempting, when in company with Jane, and longed to explore. A little path formed an entrance into its cool recesses and down this path Thomas quickly vanished.

But a few steps and you too had entered, and left the world far, far behind. All was forgotten — Jane, mother, even Thomas; and there opened out for you and Donald a fairy land all your own. The path soon lost itself and all around were green lights and shadows, expanses of tall, waying

grass, tall, tall trees that clasped overhead, and everywhere a tuneful silence, and yes — there was a tiny, tiny brook that gurgled and rippled over stones. And first of all Donald rolled about in the long grass like a little dog, and then sat up and looked at you.

"I am king, and you can be queen," he said magnanimously.

"But first let's build a palace." So you toiled for days and days and at last the palace was fit for royalty — a palace all made in the long grass, with countless rooms. Then the tin soldiers were drawn up at the portals as a guard and Cerberus howled and terrified all hostile comers.

"Perhaps 'twas just as well Thomas did run away," you remarked in dismissing that graceless animal from your thoughts. "'Cause he and Cerberus never do agree." Never were king and queen so beset with Indians, robbers and pirates. Indians lurked behind every bush, and rushed out, only to be driven back defeated by the valorous soldiers and their gallant king.

You were carried off into captivity behind the oak tree, and on the point of being scalped when your bereaved and vengeful spouse came upon the scene and felled ten red men with his mighty arm. The air rang with hideous yells, and the river saw blood.

But in time Indians and scalping and even the exalted state of royalty began to pall and it was voted that there be a change of role.

No sooner said than done. On the spot where brother Donald had been standing, there suddenly appeared a dragon of unspeakable aspect breathing forth flames most horrible to see, causing the land to echo far and wide with roaring, and hurrying on its hundred legs to the rock where you, as the tempting princess, were chained. Almost had the voracious animal planted its fangs in the tender flesh of the princess, almost had this tale become a tragedy, when a kind fairy in the humble guise of Polly, the rag doll, waved a wand and declared the enchantment at an end, thereupon the dragon shed its bestial exterior and rose upon the normal number of feet, a handsome prince. Copiously he shed grateful tears on the hand of the delivering fairy, and of course the princess was released and they lived happy ever after. Though Donald much preferred the earlier stage of the performance. At length you allowed yourselves to enjoy the fruits of a well earned peace, and dropping into the parlor of the palace, lay for a while in dreamy silence, looking up into the leafy vault above. And little live things, hearing no sound, crept out of their hiding places and peeked at you

with bright, inquisitive eyes. A fat robin hovered near and challenged you with his beady eve to catch him if you could, and you called.

"If only I had some salt here, Mr. Robin, you wouldn't act so smart." And he perhaps feared even so, for he retreated to a high branch and sang a triumphant song. And a furry, bushy squirrel peeked genially around a tree trunk at brother and then very meanly scudded up the tree when brother with the very best of intentions sat up. All this fair realm was yours, and all that scuttled, crawled or flew, your subjects, by reason of the great unwritten law of the superiority of the human over the beast. But more than this, you were for the first time in your lives masters of your-selves. Never in all the time of Jane's dominion had your feet been so comfortably soppy, your clothes so thoroughly muddy, nor you so blissfully happy.

The fat robin in the tree was now cheerily signaling to its family and two very lusty infants fluttered over to the branch and perched beside her, whereupon she sang more cheerily than before and you fell to pondering. Somehow it made you think of mother and Jane at home, and for some reason you couldn't muster up so much as a decent resentment. What if mother was feeling just like that robin manning and wishing that her two birds were at home? And somehow the same thought had occurred to Donald, for he suddenly said:

"Janet, do you suppose real mothers maybe feel like that too?" And you said:

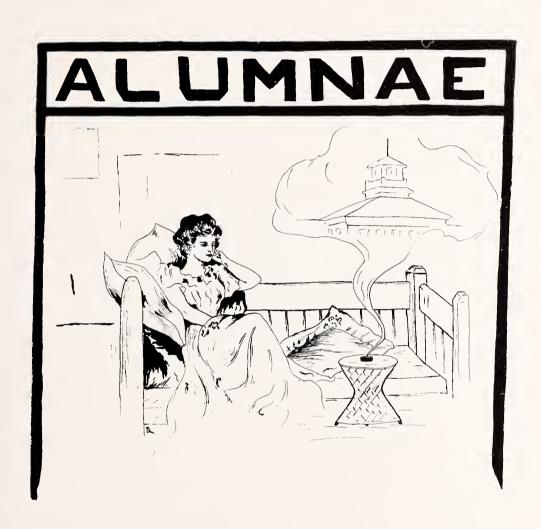
"Hum, maybe." And Donald looked a tiny bit wistful.

It was lovely here — this Janeless Paradise — but one could always return, and you couldn't help thinking how comfortable white beds with pillows were at night and how grateful a supper would taste, even without dessert. You picked a dandelion that had gone to seed.

"Don, I'm going to see if mother wants us," you said, and blew on it once, twice, thrice.

"She does, she does," sang Donald, and snatched up Cerberus and the valiant soldiers. And so you sallied forth from the palace and the realms where you ruled supreme, to the outside world to play a while at being merely subjects.

JEAN G. ANDERSON.



The Alumnae

The Alumnae Association of Rockford College dates from 1872. From that year on, the loyalty of Rockford girls has been manifested by the formation of six more college associations.

The older organization is:

THE ROCKFORD COLLEGE ASSOCIATION of Chicago.

The others are:

The Rockford College Association of the Pacific North West.

The Rockford College Association of the North West.

The Rockford College Association of Southern California.

The Rockford College Association of Rockford.

The Rockford College Association of Wisconsin.

The Rockford College Association of Iowa.

The Iowa Association has been recently organized. Its first meeting was held at Des Moines on March 26, 1910.

We realize what it means to be an Alumna of Rockford when we see some of the "old girls" come back with unfailing enthusiasm and loyal love for their Alma Mater. We have had several Alumnae back this year to entertain us in various ways. Early in the year Miss Maud Propst who rececived her diploma in the course of Home Economics June 1908, gave us a talk on the Domestic Science department in the schools of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. Miss Propst has been instrumental in establishing this department.

Before Christmas Mrs. Lyon, 1895, who is a missionary in China, spoke one Sunday morning on her life-work among the Chinese.

In February Miss Charlotte Pettibone of the class of 'o8 gave a piano recital, the proceeds of which went toward furnishing the Senior-Sophomore room in Addams hall.

So much have we enjoyed the visits of these Alumnae that we are clamoring for "More."

A. C. R. '10.

FAIRHOPE, ALABAMA. Single Tax Colony.

My Dears:-

Fairhope, with its name of good omen, is a little town on the Eastern shore of Mobile Bay and the Mecca of progressive, sociological thinkers of the country. Here, we foully boast, are gathered more "cranks" of different sorts than in any other place under Heaven, for are not the people ahead of their times, who dare to disagree with prevailing that, always "cranks" to the orthodox conventional people of the world. I think tho, you would go far to find so many interesting people gathered together — people so keenly interested in progress along all lines — so much good conversation, so much independent thot. Of course, we're cranks, from the original Nature Man — a remarkably well educated German, with flawless military manners. who is returning to Nature as rapidly as society will allow him-and Upton Sinclair who is a close second — and is meanwhile writing a novel that he says is to cast "The Jungle" far into the shade — down thro the line of Single Taxers, Sociolists, a mild looking Anarchist or two, Theosophists, Swedes, Norwegians, and several things you have never heard of, being unfortunate enough never to have visited Fairhope.

And it is a place too where every prospect pleases, tho man is not necessarily vile. The pine trees and the bay — the stately, slender pines with their plumey bunches of needles, that look so Japanesque against the blue, blue sky,—the bay with its Italian sunsets, its Lafcadio Hearn grey mistiness, its Southern moonlight. Between the two, the one tall enough, the other broad enough to make every thing else seem small, our spiritual horizons must needs be unlimited, and thro Nature — we can find the Infinite.

No, I never want to come back. Here is freedom, to live and work and grow, space to breathe, intellectually and spiritually, and an Elysium climate. But as for Rockford, it is a place that did so much for me, I feel that it cannot do less for all other Rockford girls. For all the memories, the sunsets over the river, the talks around the fire, the dancing after dinner, and the quiet of the chapel, are most vividly dear to me.

God bless you, every one,

HELEN ALICE TAGGART, '08.

An R. C. Girl's Alaska

Alaska Coast Co., S. S. Bentha, July 30, 1908.

Dear ---:

I hate to disappear with myself for even one instant, for fear the watchful erew will think I'm flat in my bunk, stricken with the fateful malady that has every other passenger subdued. Poor people! I'm horrid, I know, but I dearly love to stroll past the staterooms where they lie listless, pale, passive, and yellow, with attentive stewards telling them that the awful storm will surely lull soon. My upright jauntiness is a menace to the community.

I'm having such a good time. My favorite spot is up on the windswept bridge with the pilot and the fat Captain. I have every chance to be pals with them. At table no one shows up except Captain Moore and I. We dispose of as much indigestible salad as is possible and converse at length, without a scrap of sympathy for the empty, pitching chairs beyond us.

You should see the choicest of my friends — one Jerry Flinn, the pilot. 'Tis him what says every morning about sunrise, "An gude mornin', Miss S—, sure an you're the only passingir on dick. 'Tis the boss sailor ye are!" His brogue is beautiful, and 'tis a treat to see us tramping the careening deck together, he drawing at a wonderful old ivory pipe he got in Flanders, and I tied up so that I won't blow away.

I believe I'm hardly fair to the passenger-list in point of sea-worthiness. There's the Captain's old father, a veteran Atlantic Captain who tells of the kerosene lamp days, and a stout gambler from Boston, who sits morbidly in a heaving corner. I strongly suspect he is trying to transcend the unhappy grip. The Captain's father calls me "dear," and quotes Bible in the language of deep waters. Then there's the second steward, who asks after my religious connections and is relieved to think I'm not a Catholic. He quotes liberally from "In Tune with the Infinite." I didn't tell him I myself had a pale blue copy of the same persuasion, for fear I couldn't recall enough "quotes."

You must see my table-steward some time. He's amazingly attentive and hails from Australia. Wow, but he's English — and fun! He's horribly good-looking and young, and every summer bats off from school to take a two month's run with this Captain. When I'm listless over the menu — which is distressingly elaborate — he thoughtfully points out the salient things. His long suit seems to be raspberry shorteake and lobster

salad. I'm fairly gorged with the combination. I'm wondering what he'll do when I tip him.

My room flunkey is English too, don't you know, and nice. He ought to be, because he never has to hold my forehead and cheer me up. He contents himself with piling my stand with fruit every night and trying to keep me from walking off up on deck with the extra comforter. It's so cold there, that Mayme's rug is only half enough.

When we reached Juneau, the capital of Alaska, we had been in quiet waters for several hours, so the array of passengers was cheerful and on deck once more. A bunch of us "did" the town from one to four A. M., in the mysterious northern dawn. It's a funny place, wedged in a gulch, with sheer mountain walls as city limits. The streets are of logs, and built over roaring mountain glacier-streams. We stopped at a curio store doing business in full blast, and played two "graphophones" at once. The town will surely remember us with bated breath. The famous Treadwell gold mines are just across the bay from Juneau, and, lighted as they were, made the most exquisite picture against the snow-covered mountain and quiet bay.

At Yakatack we prodded about among canneries and Indian huts, followed by bold little braves and mush dogs, both dirty and uncanny. A few dozen squaws, dressed variously in army-blanket-skirts and lingerie waists, top-boots and sweaters, satin skirts and calico wrappers, came on board to sell really good Indian things. I swapped my red scarf for a peach of a basket, and bought several pairs of moccasins.

I'm writing in the smoking room at a card table — least pitchy place I know of. The Bentha, bless her, is doing some tall revolving just now. She cuddles down on a long wave, jumps over a few, and then dives her prow in and then kicks up her stern. She's a sure enough coquette.

Valdez, Alaska., Sept. 15, 1908.

Dear --:

I am having a glorious time. I shall throw the telephone in the bay pretty soon, and go lame and get halt and blind, just to rest up. Tomorrow I'm to move on to a mining camp down the bay for a few weeks. It's glorious down there. If a fellow moves, he has to go straight up the mountains or out on the water, and the people there aren't afraid to do either. I shall have to rough it to a comfortable extent, thank goodness, and I won't even want to look a luxury-of-home in the face again.

Most of the "Inside" people are out now, and such specimens of the savagry of dark ages. Each one has a luxuriant growth of beard and hair,

looking like a disappointed Democrat, and a cheerful wad of gold dust in his hip-pocket, which he proceeds to cast liberally about him — principally in the dance halls and post-card stalls. Still there are loads of very nicely civilized ones. My sister's house is a very comfortable club, I take it. At least there is usually an interesting swarm about.

Last week I went three days into the interior on horse-back and came back with a pack-team. Fun? Well rather! I learned how to let my horse do the swimming over the glacier streams while I sat damply on top, and how to countenance the roadhouse interested raillery. There was lots of gold in our party, and I firmly expected to be held up by greedy brigands at every turn of the cliffs.

Today I shot two ducks and a snipe. I'm having an "awful" time learning to play the true sportsman, but I still want to weep horribly whenever I hear the squawk of a shot duck. When one flutters down I try to look proud but I'm really thoroughly miserable. Yesterday I ran into a flock of thirty-odd goats on the mountain. I didn't get any though, because I didn't know that a fellow had to erecp on them from above. You see, they all dash up hill when they're frightened.

Wow! I just ran down to Dr. B——'s offices on an errand and on the stairs I met a cavalcade of men carrying a new "Insider" up head first. The stairs behind them were already splotched. I gave a shuddering thought to the new velvet rug in the waiting-room and fled — gently but firmly. The little tragedy seemed to be a common enough one: little dispute over the bar; bar-tender (booze-clerk they say here) wastes a bottle over his head; fractured skull and highway rifling of the victim's pockets on the way to the doctor's. I'm still very much of a tender-foot at heart in such matters.

Valdez, Alaska., Oct. 26, 1908.

Dear ---:

Today we are having the first serious snow of the year, and all the ruffians are out in the street enjoying it as merrily as if it were not to be the usual thing for nine months. A few more inches of this and the ground will youch for a wild dog-sled ride out the trail, hurrah! Even now all the beasties and the low, flat sleds are being put into trim order so that enthusiasts, such as I, will not have to fret and fume when the crucial hour arrives. Can you imagine anything nicer than a skim through tense, white timber with a moon ahead as big and glistening as a cathedral dome? I've had no end of such flights, without the dogs, to be exact, but with a horse under me.

I've spent a lot of time on the trail these last fall weeks. Nothing could suit me better. I positively need tanning when I get back. I've worsted blizzards over the summit in the real gold-country, and been lashed to the saddle: I've been thawed out and fed up by kind old road-house "hags" who have perfectly dreadful "reps" and the kindest way possible. And I've learned to shoot a rather heavy rifle to kill, though I still prefer shooting at a rock, playing he's a bear. I've even learned to ride the government mules from across the bay at our fort.

As a penance for all these glorious sports, I trot demurely to card-parties and go calling with M—— as meekly as I used to make dinner-calls with my gently firm r. m. We had a concert, save the mark, in the town hall the other night. It was remarkably fierce and afterwards we danced and bought candy and ice cream. That's one side of Valdez for you. That side amuses me as much as the stern white-gloved phase tires me.

VALDEZ, ALASKA., Jan. 10, 1909.

Dear ---:

Was it, as it should have been, a wholly and gorgeously festive Christmas time for you? If it didn't chance to be, for goodness sake come up this way for your next one! We fairly revelled in good cheer and things. A man and I took a howling dog-team and betook ourselves to the wilderness of ready-made Christmas-trees, where we selected, with every possible care, the one that was to blossom in a corner of our dining-room — and blossom it sure did, with things for every mother's son of us, down to ye Jap, who rejoiced greatly in the hideously bright socks and ties he drew, and in the really beautiful embroidered things he gave us. The men got comfortably re-accustomed to their dress suits before the last grand festivity closed the strenuous succession of festive events, and the soles of my new suede pumps got very thin and limp.

In half an hour I'm going to circle around the bay on my snow-shoes after ptarmigon. We're going to stay all night in the electric light plant over there. Sounds dainty and campy, doesn't it? I'm out of doors most of the day, falling around on skis or snow-shoes or coasting with mad assurance down our new Canadian toboggan. The snow is very deep, but handomely caked like cement, and it's only cold enough to keep things conveniently stiff.

DEAR ---:

I've just been out tramping the wharves in the moonlight beaminess, and it amused me to see lights flickering out of the damp darkness along the shores. You see Hooligans, or candle-fish, are "in bloom" and the natives, armed with hip-boots and lanterns, wade the bay, looking for the vily, horrid things. At the restaurant last night one "gent" ordered three dozen of them for his immediate consumption, and fifteen are always served as one dainty order. Wow, I loathe them! Our Jap cooked some today, that is, he threw them into a hot pan with none of the necessary dressings and precautions and "pretty soon quick" there was nothing left but back bones and oodles of grease. In the interior, the natives dry the 'orrid beasts and burn them, all same candles. For myself, I prefer electric lights and trout.

I'm not doing the Lenten stunt very vigorously. The fleshy, devilish world, as we get it up here, didn't seem to me to need quenching. So I'm still attentive to ye dances and card-parties, and I 'spect I shall be until I'm too aged as to bones to enjoy the one, and too befuddled with age to recognize trumps in the other.

Valdez, Alaska,, April 1, 1909.

Dear ---:

Yesterday I came back from a two weeks' delight at a mining camp down the bay, where I did little but chase the heels of the tide and collect golden freekles and technical lore. What Agnes doesn't know about "apexes" and "cores" and "diamond drills" and "porcupines" is hardly necessary, and the camp proper is a comfortable spot at the curve of the the placid bay where all the butter-balls and mallards and cloudy sea-gulls hold forth. All around are the leaves and hollows of grand old "Copper Crown" mountains. When we weren't sunning ourselves to sleep on the rocks, or rowing, or wading the ocean, we used to wander up to the place where the company is developing their really good property, where we found lots to interest us in the musty tunnels and perfect cooking of the rusty little Jap, who, by the way, is a Ph.D. in his far off country and is sending his son through medical college. But 'tis a far cry from Japan to Landlock, and a Ph.D. is without honor out of his own country, and if Kay offends a husky miner, he is calmly imbedded in a snow bank, "cue" first, and left to wave his legs helplessly in the fresh air until some one else needs his services. I have a suspicion that a camp-cook earns his one hundred per, and his subsequent reward in heavenly Japan, and a becoming cherry halo when death does its part.





S there anyone anywhere in this whole world who has more of her share of trouble than a freshman? No sooner was the "Baby Party" over and we congratulating each other that it had taken place with neither broken bones nor loss of blood when, as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, came a gentle hint of the fast approaching Tolo initiation. At a meeting in the chapel for "all girls wishing to join Tolo" we were informed of what was expected,—nothing less than a comic opera with even the date set for us. Following the shock there came a lull. Four days before the date set for the affair the freshman with one accord "came to" and a meeting was called. The eommittee appointed to look after it brought forward two plays, one a clever and original play of Dot Riedesel's, the other a parody on Julius Caesar. We agreed with one accord that an original one was best, but, through lack of time, were forced to give it up and adopt the latter. Four days to work up a whole eomie opera! Whew! Surely one more week would be granted us. But a particularly brilliant remark from a bright light in attendanee decided the thing, "They will expect more of us if we ask for more time." Parts were assigned, choruses chosen, and with considerable thinking, talking, planning, and less practising the play rapidly progressed.

Saturday night, October the sixteenth, was the time set for that dreaded affair. The day was spent in making costumes and feverish practising. The opera was to begin at seven-thirty; it did begin at eight with the Midgets, or Topsy Turvey, chorus, carried out by means of a sheet on which were pinned miniature dresses. At the sides of the dresses appeared hands, below the dresses appeared tiny feet, and above the dresses appeared a row of heads which were perfectly enormous compared in contrast to the rest of the body. The feet (really hands dressed in foot-gear) rested on tables and kept step to the music in a way that might have aroused envy in the heart of a professional ballet-dancer. Complete enjoyment of the spectacle might have been marred by concern lest those heads should run off with the feet, had the faces been less assuring. But they were so brimfull of good-will! There was one in particular with a grin that,—oh gee! You all know Frances Oliver's grin!

Then we had the first act, Alma Yankee as Caesar (and a pippin she made), Vida Abbot as Brutus (and a pippin she made,) Clara Arthur as Portia (they were all pippins), and Gladys Eddy as Mark Antony. The andience clapped like everything and made us feel pretty good.

The next thing was the violet chorus. The stage was just full of girls, dressed in white and carrying violets, and boys (really girls) in black suits. Their singing was good and the uniformity of costumes and dancing splendid.

The last two acts came together. There were only three. One was taken out at the start because it really didn't count, and the other,—well there would have been another had any one happened to know any of the last act at the dress rehearsal. It really wasn't missed though. The spectators were just warming up to the last act when they were startled by a tremendous crash. Irene Stanton, behind the scenes, had, in her excitement, pitched through the window. There was just one hitch in the whole thing and that was when Brutus, Caesar having handed him a lemon with the words "Eat too, Brute," forgot his cue to take it again, so that Caesar was forced to die holding the lemon.

The closing number was encored. Eight girls, dressed as ballet dancers in orange dresses, black shoes and stockings, and huge black hats, accom-

panied by eight girls dressed as fellows, saug words composed by Mabel Blair and set to the tune of the Baby Doll chorus.

And hence forth we all belonged to Tolo! And we were glad it happened, for it not only ushered us into Tolo, but the appreciation of our efforts that night was our first real proof of the sympathy of the older girls. And above all it was such a splendid introduction to each other. Before we were strangers,—and since we've been a sort of society of mutual admiration.

The Tolo Song

H when you entered the Tolo Club,
The club that was built for fun,
A worthless, hapless, lowdown "dub"—
Didn't you want to run!
But when at last your trial was past
And you had proved your wit was vast
And qualified you to be classed
One of the Tolo Club—

Then-

Weren't you glad you were in the club The club that was built for fun? They skip the grind and forget the rub As soon as their work is done. What they do when the day is through Maybe you guess, but they won't tell you. Nothing stumps 'em a club can do, A club that was built for fun.

The Bazaar

HE word "bazaar" is synonymous with an empty pocket-book and a spirit of martyrdom. I know of a bazaar, however, that had all the usual virtues without the customary vices of its kind. True, there were empty pocket-books but also a feeling that "a fair exchange is no robbery," for things were sold even below the ordinary market value. As for the cause, and every bazaar must have a good cause back of it, you know, this bazaar was given for the Rockford College Endowment Fund. Anyone who has had the slightest connection with Rockford knows what a strenuous efforts all the officers of the college have made for the fund.

And this enthusiasm extends to the girls. Instigated by Signorina De Fabritiis and by Miss Northey, we decided to give a bazaar as our special contribution. Immediately sounds of awls crunching through brass for Christmas and the bazaar, filled the halls. For days one was liable to run in on sewing bees for the bazaar. These little parties were not confined to the students but the faculty worked with unending good will to give us some of our choice contributions. Thus all the college caught the bazaar fever until on the eve of the event, December the eleventh, every room gave one or more offerings to the aching arms of the messenger until she was festooned with bags, hand-made laces, neckwear, and loaded down with books, pictures, brass,

oh, everything that a bazaar committee could wish for.

And now we are ready for the bazaar. Imagine a purple and white booth under the stairs where the davenport stands and across from it another booth of the same colors and you have the art and fancy-work booths. The parlor blossomed out between breakfast and luncheon into a bower of red roses where tea was served. But it was from the reading room that the tantalizing smells came. And small wonder, for on one side of the room was a long table covered with cakes of all sizes and frostings from the mere dropcake to the mighty chocolate double-decker. Now it was clear why at dinner, weary, flour-besmirched faces of our Domestic Science friends peered, wild eyed and depairing from the kitchen door to whisper hoarsely, "I've got another cake still to frost."

On the other side of the reading room, candy and salted nuts were whisked away by the hungry patrons on their way to the vaudeville that was heralded every half hour by bells and announcements made through paper megaphones.

Over in the Gymnasium, dances and recitations afforded a most highvaudeville, and with tea to be had between performances, we found it hard to get away. But back in Doctor Maas' office there was a fortune-teller who told wonderful tales of the future. This wise one did not foretell, however, that after the freshman-sophomore basket-ball game in the evening we would have \$130 clear to add to the Endowment Fund. A. C. R. '10.

PROMENADE



WICE this year the festive spirit of the Rockford girls has burst forth in the form of dances, in which the male sex was pre-eminent.

Our first dance, which was our winter prom, took place Saturday evening, December fourth. It was a bleak, rainy night outside, but this did not dampen the spirits of the participants. It only added to the gaiety

of it all. The gloom outside made the contrast all the more striking, when one went into the brilliantly lighted gymnasium, which had been miraculously changed into a resplendent ball room. It was charmingly decorated in different shades of yellow and pumpkin, making a warm and mellow appearance. Crysanthemums, in which were concealed electric lights, peeped out from everywhere. The chairman of the decoration committee was Rachael Roberts, and to her, and her assistants, Gertrude Lutz, Doris Fuller, and Iola George, is due the fact, that such a wonderful change was able to be produced, and that the bare walls of the gymnasium were so transformed, that one might imagine himself in a beautiful conservatory.

During the evening a delicious supper was served, after which every one seemed all the more eager to resume dancing.

The chairman of the reception committee was Louise Greene, her assistants being Martha Dunton, Mabel Blair, and Norma Allen. They all made charming hostesses, and showed great ability in choice of music, programs and also in the other things, which came under their supervision.



The informal took place the fifth of March, just after examinations were over. The girls all entered into it with the greatest enthusiasm, and it was a great success. The men were invited to six o'clock dinner, and for this occasion the tables in the dining room were prettily decorated with flowers and candles. After dinner every one harried to the gymnasium, anxious to begin dancing. The gymnasium was decorated most artistically in pennants, banners, and pillows of all sizes and descriptions. Not many colleges were slighted I think; but all together it gave a very pleasing affect, and with the gaiety of the dancers, the evening was a most enjoyable one.

The committees for the informal were, general arrangements, Edna M. Harrer, chairman, Caroline Hintze, Iola George, and Gladys Rice; and decorations, Margaret Randlev, chairman, Marie Tolleson, Caryl Coman and Francis Oliver.

The spring prom will be held on April thirtieth. The reception committee is Esther White, chairman, Louise Greene, Clara Arthur, and Maric Tolleson; the decoration committee is Alice Burton, chairman, Martha Dunton, Alma Yankee, Edua Rendall, Beulah Johnson, and Elizabeth Roberts.

E. R. '12.

Irish Fairy and Folk Lore

N November, the thirteenth, nineteen hundred and nine, the Rockford College Association and Students' Aid Society and the Day Students were the guests of the House Students at a lecture by Mr. Seumas MacManus, on "Irish Fairy and Folk Lore." Mr. MacManus is a native of Northern Ireland, tall, powerful looking, with a strong, clear cut face, and a great deal of magnetism of manner. He appeared in a costume of hunters green, of the style of the Scotch Highlander's. His talk was of the Irish folk, their superstition and quaint beliefs, illustrated by their stories and legends, their mythology and fairy tales.

Mr. MacManns is one of the actors in a movement for the revival of the old Irish literature, a movement headed by William Butler Yates and the Countess Gregory.

R. M. R. '10



"Ici On Parle Français"

By Thomas J. Williams

ROCKFORD COLLEGE GYMNASIUM

Saturday, November 20, 1909

Scene—Parlor in Mr. Spriggins' House in Dipwell, England. Time—The present.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mayor Regulus	Rattan	-	-	-	-		-	-	- Miss Batson
Victor Dubois	-			-	-	-		-	- Miss Peterson
Mr. Spriggius		-	-	-	-		-	-	- Miss Snyder
Mrs. Spriggins				-	-	-			- MISS NORTHEY
Augelina, their	daughter	-	-	-	64		-	-	- Miss Church
Julia, wife of Ma	ayor Ratt	an -	-	-	-	-	-		MISS HEMENGER
Anna Maria, Ma	id of all	work	_	_	_		_	-	MISS McGrew

DANCING

"Maid of the Mist."
 Spanish Dance.
 LUCILE CRAIG

Under the auspices of R. F. D. C.

The Faculty Play

NEW organization was launched forth this year at our college. It was the Rockford Faculty Dramatic Club. Ah! high-sounding name that! Reminds one of Smith, doesn't it, or was it original with Miss Batson this time? No matter; suffice to say that it appeared in a blaze of glory and foot-lights over in the gym one night, giving us a truly classical interpretation of "Ici On Parle Francais." We haven't heard of the club since, it has apparently subsided completely, but the play was fine.

You've probably heard the story of it, or else witnessed its production, so we will immediately take up the characters as presented by certain members of our faculty. Pardon us if we seem to choke at the memory! There was Miss Batson as Major Regulus Rattan — soldierly stride, horrible temper, true to life — all but the hair. There was Miss Peterson, the Frenchiest of Frenchmen, little mustache, flower in buttonhole, graceful hand-wavings, etc. There was Miss Snyder as Mr. Spriggins, with his "We-el my dear" to dear old Miss Northey as Mrs. Spriggins. Miss Northey was one of the hits of the evening, making up as a fat, motherly old soul, a great surprise to all of us. Miss Church was the picture of modest, pretty, daughters, in a white gown and blue ribbons, and Miss McGrew was Irish as Pat Murphy's pig in a hat that must have come out of the ark and a very kitcheny apron.

We now approach the climax. There was another character. A Hem! We mean Miss Hemenger, our much respected supervisor. When she swept in upon the stage, the audience gasped, fainted, recovered itself, and howled, simply howled. Goodness, who could help it? She had borrowed some hair for the evening — Miss Batson's hair, "and then some." It was a case of "Hello wig, where are you going with that person?" We forgot to mention that she also wore a trailing black gown and much pink cheek and black eye-brow, but it was the hair that aroused our emotions!

The play was certainly a grand success from the time it started until they were all married and Anna Maria came back. Miss Bramhall and Miss Burnham were stage-erectors and the stage was a work of art. Hardly any of the scenery was torn, although we held our breath when Major Regulus nearly fell back through the wall. After it was over we danced and congratulated everyone and counted the money we had taken in for the endowment fund.

C. S. C-'13.

"The Three Chauffeurs"

GIVEN BY

MEMBERS OF THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Rockford College

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1910



CHARACTERS

Kittie Kennedy, the mimicking girl,
Lorry Spencer, the host,
Martin Hunter, a lively young man,
Mrs. Lorry Spencer, the hostess of the house party,

The
The
The
The
The
The
ALLEN
RACHEL ROBERTS
DOROTHY RIEDESEL

Gertrude Castleton, masquerading as Melindy Pike,

a country pumpkin,
Bettie Marshall, the sentimental girl,
Lois Drummond, a girl with a fad,
Jane Armstrong, the hungry girl,
Lucille Beverly, the college girl,
Minta Morris, the primping girl,
Eugenia Allen, the giggling girl,
Mary Smith, the practical girl,
Patience Primrose, the studious girl,
Mrs. Spencer, the mother-in-law,

Lieutenant Beverly Churchill, U. S. A. Norah, the cook, (Annie, the maid, (

HAZEL UPSON
LOUISE GREENE
GRACE HETTINGER
KATHERINE FOLTZ
EDNA TEMPLETON
DEBORA CARR
ANNA HUTCHINSON
LOLA JEFFERIES
IRIS EVANS
HEDWIG BRODERSON
ELIZABETH ROBERTS

MARGUERITE TUCKER

Act I Garden in front of Mrs. Spencer's summer cottage.
Time, morning.
Act II same as act I.
Time, evening of the same day.

CHAUFFEUR'S DANCE

MISSES ROBERTS, ROBERTS, ALLEN, CARR, TEMPLETON, RIEDESEL.





THE ROCKFORD MORNING STAR.

Vol. XIV

Sunday, February 27, 1910

No. 8

COLLEGE GIRLS DON COLONIAL ATTIRE

WASHINGTON PARTY EXCELS ALL PREVIOUS AFFAIRS OF THE KIND—DANCE THE MINUET

AFTER ELABORATE DINNER AND PROGRAM OF TOASTS CAME SERVICE OF LOYALTY IN THE CHAPEL AND DANCE IN THE GYMNASIUM

VERY year the guests at the Washington Party, one of the two great social functions of Rockford College's social life, are apt to think, "this is surely the climax; never before has a Washington Party been so charming, never can another equal this—much less excel it." And lo, the next year's Party, like "Ben Adhem's name," leads "all the rest." The function last night was under the

The function last night was under the auspices of the Seniors, Sophomores, and Preparatory students. It opened at six o'clock with a formal dinner, to which the faculty, trustees and other friends of the College, and the Junior and Freshmen classes were bidden. The dining room walls were almost completely draped with flags, and the 'very fact that these flags bore far more than thirteen stars and that all this festivity and good cheer was in his honor, seemed to give added benignity and approval to the face of the "Father of his Country," as he beamed down upon the scene The tables were arranged in banquet fashion and decorated in red and white and the soft light came from shaded candles in true colonial style, while small

continental hats decorated with cherries, formed individual bonbonnieres. The meal itself, which was a delicious one, by a clever use of cherries and ice cream hatchets constantly suggested to one's mind the youthful Washington "who could not tell a lie."

After the dinner was finished, the toast mistress, President Julia H Gulliver, introduced the various speakers most felicitously. Mrs. Marvin B. Pool of Chicago, formerly Miss Edith Butler, one of the Rockford faculty who helped to make the chair of English here an illustrious one, responded to the toast "To the Married Teacher," in a most charming manner According to her testimony, she is still shining in the reflected light of her former teaching experience. A little friend of her small daughter was recently heard defending her pronunciation of a certain word by the assertion that her father pronounced it so, and he knew because he had been to College, whereupon the small daughter argued for her side of the case on the authority of her mother who "taught in a College and you can't teach what you don't



know." Mrs. Pool said she refrained from

Mrs. John H. Sherratt recited an original poem, "To the Silent Singer and the Song that Never Was Sung," striking the note of sympathy, of aspiration, and expressing the values of all unseen and unheard harmony in

obscure lives.

Mr E. P Lathrop, in a response to the toast, "To the Trustees," made a very forceful speech, half fun, half earnest, in which he outlined the duties of the board as mainly economic, attending to "furniture repairs" and "keeping down the meat bills," but said they were all stimulated and inspired by the devotion and consecration of the men and women who had gone before, and who had spent freely of their time, and strength, and means, in the service of the College.

Miss Florence Roberts of the Junior Class whose response was "To the Latin We Never Shall Forget", said they all looked forward to the emancipation from verbs and declensions, to the time when all Latin would be forgotten except the three words "Decus et Veritas", the motto of the College.

Miss Dorothy Wheelock of the Senior Class responded to the toast, "To George Washington", and spoke with charming grace

and appreciation.

Then followed a most inspiring Service of Loyalty given in the Chapel. This service was arranged by Miss Gulliver and the music for it was composed by Miss F. Marion Ralston of the Music Department. In it, the students not only voiced their intense love for their country and its heroes, but also their loyalty

to their Alma Mater.

The party now crossed to the gymnasium (a feat which, on account of the inclemency of the night, required as much courage and fortitude as was demanded of Washington himself when on that memorable occasion he crossed the Delaware!) The dancing party was opened by the grand march, which was led by the Presidents of the Senior and Sophomore classes, Miss Wilhelmina Barfield and Miss Lola Jeffries. More than once as the intricate figures were formed, the guests of the evening, who were seated on the platform, broke into applause.

The girls were all in costume and the beauty of these young Colonial Dames in their quaint and charming gowns, some of which boasted of having been worn by grandmothers or even great grandmothers a century ago, and their patches and well powdered hair, and their pretty assumption of the formal manners of the times they represented, cannot be forgotten easily. And the men with their pigtails, their costumes of delicate pink, pale blue and green, their silver and gold buckles and their lace ruffles—who would be a degenerate "twentieth centurian" if he could help it!

The long walls of the gym were draped with flags, some of which could have undoubtedly told many tales of battles and heroes. The low hanging lights were shaded with red, white and blue shades, and hanging baskets of red roses were scattered among the lights.

The grand march was followed by the minuet danced by sixteen "Lords and Ladies. Such stateliness and dignity and withal such grace and charm was displayed throughout the many figures, that the audience were held spellbound; all wished that the lateness of the hour had not forbidden an encore.

The students taking part in this were:

Lola Jeffries Louise Greene Deborah Carr Gladys Eddy Frances Cornwell Norma Allen Elizabeth Roberts Winifred Van Wickle Marjorie Kilburn Grace Zuttermeister Mabel Blair Martha Patrick Wilhelmina Barfield Ruth Preston Florence Klinkenberg Alice Mo.

The minuet was followed by the dancing not the quaint old minuet, but modern waltzes and two steps, and, as oftimes of old, Washington was stirred on by martial music, so the orchestra marking off its time by the beating of a drum, seem to inspire the dancers as never hefore, and "sixteen dances and two extras" seemed far too few. Yet the "Gods were good" and the ringing of the bell which meant the end, was delayed as long as could be hoped for. Once, indeed, during the evening, true school girl enthusiasm was shown; the announcement that breakfast would be served a half hour later than usual the next morning, was applauded with genuine twentieth century enthusiasm.

During the evening frappe and cakes were served, and the dancers were favored

with tiny flags.

But the end came at last, when the bell insisted on ringing and, which was more to The point, the music refused to be encored. dancers faded away and these quaint characters were banished until another year should roll around.

Thanks are especially due to the students who organized so delightful an entertainment and who carried it out so successfully, and who gave their guests an evening of very rare

pleasure.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. E. Lathrop. Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes, Mrs. H. Sherratt, Rev. and Mrs. P. M. Snyder, Rev. and Mrs. T. B. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Clark, Mrs. J. Stanley Browne, Mrs. R. D. Baird, Mr. F. G. Shoudy, Rev. N. B. Clinch, Mrs. Marion B. Pool, Chicago, and Mrs. Carr, of Tacoma, Washington, President of the Rockford College Association of the Northwest. A. B. '10.

The Farmer's Ball

OMETIME before Christmas a poster appeared on the bulletin board to the effect that we would have a farmer's ball; however, the instigator of the deed went to the hospital and so we let the matter drop, but along in March we decided to have a Tolo party and the idea of a farmer's ball appealed to us. We had visions of ourselves and friends arrayed in overalls, gingham aprons, sunbonnets, etc., and we decided to go. On the afternoon before the affair every one was chasing around for old things to wear. One girl collected a red skirt, a tight green velvet waist, and a pair of white shoes, but when she tried them on, with her hair drawn tightly back, she nearly fainted and declared she wouldn't go as the worst one there.

If the party was a farmer's ball, we are sincerely sorry for all farmers. It was certainly a tackey looking crowd that met our eyes when we went over to the gym. Such costumes! The hats were about the best part. One girl wore a two by four creation, with an ostrich feather atop, that had come from Paris and had been a vision of beauty in its day. The dance programmes were little brown paper affairs with plaid calico covers. The refreshments were pink lemonade, doughnuts, and ham-sandwiches, the kind that throws your mouth out of joint to take a bite of.

There were prizes offered to the best waltzer, the funniest man, the funniest woman, and the funniest member of the faculty. The first prize went to Norma Allen, and we all applauded loudly. The second prize was awarded to Mary Rogers. If you saw Mary you will remember why she got the prize! Jeanette Burke was the funniest women. Do you remember her? The most impossible clothes, and her hair, and her units and the crazy way she acted—O, but she was funny! When it came to the funniest faculty, the committee rose up as one man and presented the prize to Miss Burnham. She was a subject for the quotation, "And behold, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," in a pongee thing—basque waist, ruffled skirt, queer little hat, and purple stockings.

The grand march was a sight for gods and men. By the time the party was over, we were all so weak from laughing that we could hardly get over to the main building. The whole thing was certainly a grand, ridiculous success.



N May 22, 1909, occurred the annual May party of Rockford College given by the Kappa Theta sorority. On account of the late spring, violets were just in their prime on that date, and for several days before the party, girls were seen starting out with large baskets, and bringing them back heaped with the beautiful long-stemmed flowers.

At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the usual exciting election of the May-queen took place; and when it was announced that Esther White, the college beauty and general favorite, had been chosen, long and lond was the applause. As soon as the queen had been dressed in a flowing white robe trimmed with clusters of violets, the procession formed and started on its march from the main entrance of the college along the winding walks to a stately throne erected under a tree on the campus. First came the sixteen May-pole dancers in simple white dresses carrying green wreaths; next two small attendants strewing flowers before thequeen, who advanced to her waiting court bearing a huge shower-bouquet of violets. Before taking her place on the throne, she knelt and was formally crowned with a wreath of violets by last year's queen, who then, in her turn, received a forget-me-not crown at the hands of the new sovereign. As soon as the coronation was over and the queen had ascended her throne, the sixteen attendants paid homage by a pretty May-pole dance around a tree near the throne. After this, they led in congratulating the queen of the day.

When the ceremony was over, one and all flocked to a reception given in the queen's honor in the Kappa Theta sorority room. At six o'clock, din-





ner was served on the campus, accompanied by rousing college songs and yells. In the evening a cotillion led by Miss Lois Cool, concluded the festivities. The gymnasium, where the dance was held, had been transformed into a bower of beauty with branches of fresh green leaves. A throne was erected here for the queen where, in royal dignity, she watched her courtiers dance. The favors were little Rockford pennants, colored tissue bows for hair-ornaments, bouquets of flowers and serpentines. One of the prettiest figures was a grand march in which the lights were turned out and each girl carried a stick of lighted punk.

R. B. '11.

May Pole Dancers

Virginia Helsell Mable Kinsey Lola Jeffries Alice Reese Marjorie Montague Helen Ottenheimer Josephine Weir Edna Rendall Jean Woodward Gretchen Burdic Katherine Foltz Elice Keyt Cecile Cobb Jessie Richmond Claire Vierling Rachael Roberts.



A Proposal Under Difficulties

A Japanese bower greeted the guests of Philoteseon on the evening of May first, nineteen hundred and nine. The gym walls were massed with cherry blossoms, while innumerable Japanese lanterns, containing electric lights, furnished a soft pleasing effect. Huge umbrellas formed the tops of the boxes, reserved for the faculty.

But the farce was distinctly American. Poor Yardsley, so afraid of being refused that in his hurry he proposed to the maid by mistake, was completely overwhelmed by the assertive confidence of the usually light-headed but for the time being, dark wigged Barlow. But "the best laid plans of mice and men" were deceptive, for Yardsley, despairingly explaining his terrible mistake to Dorothy, hit upon "a happy thot," and cleverly proposed before Barlow's very nose, and his audacity won the day.

Still, Barlow was so courteous in defeat that he quite won the hearts of all.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Robert Yardsley | Suitors for the hand of - - Grace Hettinger |
Jack Barlow | Miss Andrews - - - Elsie Carr |
Dorothy Andrews, a much loved young woman | - Mabel Kinsey |
Jennie, a housemaid - - - - - - - |
Lella Fuller

Scene—Drawing Room in Miss Andrew's Home Time—Wednesday Afternoon Late in October

Senior Tree Day Song

AIR:—"How CAN I LEAVE THEE."

EARTS that are loyal, hearts that are true to thee, Bring as their offering that love so free:
When soon we leave this spot
May we not be forgot,
E'en as we hope to think ever of thee.

A symbol of strength, we leave as memory
Of all we would implant and guard for thee,
When years have come and gone,
When others call this home,
Still will our thoughts be thine, Rockford, believe.

Bright is the flower that Rockford calls her own, Fair too her colors are, fairer her name; May each unfading be, May each from day to day, Brighter and fairer grow, gleaming for thee.



Senior Tree Day

am a little squirrel that lives all over the College Campus, and sometimes the College Buildings too. In my numerous explorations around this "School for Girls" I have seen and heard lots of things that might surprise you all if I should tell you. But all that I have time to relate just at present, is a little incident in the life of my favorite class 1909. One morning last spring when Mr. Weather Man had given us an especially beautiful sunrise, I was frisking along the roof of the new porch about six o'clock, when suddenly I became aware that I was not the only one up so early. Lo and behold, if there in room 46 weren't assembled several of my most beloved Seniors, dressed all in white and arrayed in their caps and gowns. I was so dumbfounded that I just sat and stared,—but only for a few minutes, for soon they left the room and when I heard their voices growing fainter and fainter, I whisked down off the porch and around in front of the main door near the gymnasium. And I was right in my calculations too, for at just six-thirty out marched my ten dear Seniors two by two, and after them their loyal Sophomore sisters, also dressed in white. I jumped along beside them, as singing one of their college songs, they marched across the lawn toward the river and there, beside a hole in the earth and holding a sturdy little evergreen tree stood Emil, my one and only male friend. As soon as the Seniors had formed a semi-circle around the tree, three of their number christened and dedicated it to their Alma Mater. While Emil piled the dark earth around its roots, their sweet young voices arose singing the praises of dear old R. C. and their love for their Alma Mater. Then they again formed the procession and marched gaily around the campus singing College Songs and arousing the other classes to a realization of what had taken place. Finally the Sophomores cheered the Seniors and the Seniors, the Sophomores, and then,— I was left all alone to regret that two whole years must pass before I would see as glorious a class as this dedicate a tree to their Alma Mater.

В. Н. '11.

Ivy Day

HE mists of dawn have cleared away,
The day is growing bright
To meet and hail our colors gay,
The golden and the white.
We sing as oft we've sung before
And will sing oft again,
To the glory, praise, and honor
Of the class of 1910.

Uplifted high in hope are we
That Rockford will be blest,
And keep afloat on memory's sea
The bark of all the best;
And she'll ne'er leave a class more true
To sing the college fame:
As Junior girls we ever do
All honor to her name,

Then come all ye who love her best
And join with us in song,
And cheer and praise and ever bless
The Juniors brave and strong;
To this great cause we call you then,
Attest your Junior's claim:
Your praise is ours, your reverence too,
To the class of 1910.

These were the words the sleepy "Sophs" and Seniors heard, when the six-thirty bell rang, one morning last spring. Occasionally as the procession of girls marched along, a head covered with curl papers, or with tousled curls would appear above a window sill; otherwise, the perfect beauty of the morning was not marred, and the girls marched on around the building singing. Just below Fraulein Behrens' window, the music stopped; and the procession formed a semi-circle around the spot where the Ivy was

to be planted. But the Ivy was not there! Where was "Gus?" A flock of Freshmen ran to find him and soon returned, bearing in their midst the man who was to put our beloved plant into the ground. While he lovingly layed around the little roots, the dark, dark earth, these words floated out upon the morning air.

As we bring our Vernal Offerings
To our Alma Mater dear,
May its loving arms enfold you
Keeping green our memory here;
May the Ivy cling as closely
To our Alma Mater dear.

Years may come and take us from you
But our hearts will linger near,
May the Ivy be a symbol
Of the love that binds us here;
May the Ivy cling as closely
To our Alma Mater dear.

The sounds of raising of windows and of loud applause followed, and Freshmen stared open-mouthed, but still sleepy-eyed, while our noble president stepped forward and performed her ceremony.

So our Ivy was planted. Again the procession formed and marched gaily around the buildings, stepping lightly in the damp grass, but with hearts and voices uplifted in the songs they sang.

M. T. '10



COMMENCEMENT

HAT honor might be paid Miss Sill, the founder of Roekford College, one day was added to the usual number for Commencement of 1909. The unveiling of her portrait took place Saturday afternoon, June 12, in the college gymnasium, which had been specially decorated for the occasion. The trustees, faculty, students and friends of the eollege assembling to pay tribute to the memory of this noble woman, who, advocating the higher education for the women of the West, spent the best years of her life in establishing and carrying on the work of the institution which is today known as Rockford College. President Gulliver introduced Mrs. Seely Perry, M. A., class of '63, who gave a fitting address on the life and work of Miss Sill.

This was followed by the annual Founders Tea, which never in the history of this pleasant eustom has been earried to so happy and artistic a conclusion.

Major O. H. M. Byres, Poet Laureate of Iowa, and veteran of the Civil War, gave the address of the evening on incidents and stories of the war. He was received with great enthusiasm and spoke with rare force and interest.

Miss Snell played two numbers, the "Toeeato" of Schumann and the "Polonaise" of Chopin. Her tone is riehly musical — and she plays with rare charm and poetic interpretation.

Signorina De Fabritiis sang a group of German and English songs in her usual charming manner.

M. L. C. '12.

HE Baccalaureate Sermon was preached Sunday morning in the Second Congregational Church. The school was particularly happy in its choice of a speaker. Rev. Theodore G. Soares, of the University of Chicago, is a man of rare attainments. The scripture lesson, the parable of the ten talents, suggested the theme of the discourse. He took for his text, Jeremiali 12:5. "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? And if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

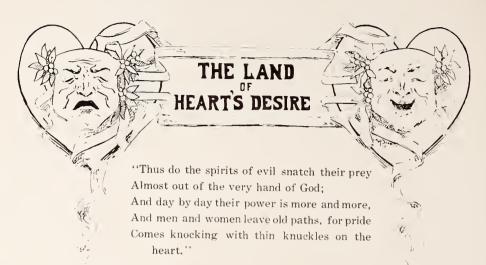
He spoke of the great service Jeremiah was called upon to perform for his country. A service more sorrowful, perhaps, than has fallen to the lot of any other lover of his country in the history of the world. He was a patriot who showed great heroism and loyalty when summoned by the great Jehovah to die in the ruins of his beloved Jerusalem.

Dr. Soares said in part: "The great achievement of life is the development of a fine, heroic spirit by which one is enabled to meet the sudden and startling vicissitudes of life with equanimity and power. This poise, this self-mastery is not easy and he who would be a conqueror tomorrow must conquer today." By way of illustration, Dr. Soares observed that the most beautiful thing in the world is a gracious woman, from whom youth and pride of life have gone, but whose spirit has been chastened by the discipline of life, and by the cultivation of Christian graces.

He spoke not only as a man whose words were fraught with the wisdom that comes from years of high thinking and living, but as one with an inner meaning, a subtle glow of enthusiasm which kindled in the hearts of his listeners a responding flame.

Sunday afternoon came a new feature of Commencement, a special vesper service of exquisite spiritual and aesthetic charm, opening with the processional composed for the service by Miss Ralston. The singing of Handel's "Largo" by the semi-chorus, made a fitting preparation for the inspiring address of President Gulliver, who spoke to the girls of their ideals and their duties, making them realize the broad field for good and the golden opportunities life held for them. The impressiveness of it all brought a thrill of half-sad happiness, as we realized that this perfect year drawing to a close meant that some of us would go forth to meet the great unknown future, stretching like a vast canopy before us.

M. L. C. 12.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE						
Maurteen Bruin, a well-to-do Irish peasant Florence Roberts						
Bridget Bruin, his wife Eva Kinzel						
Shawn Bruin, his son Adalin Wright						
Maire Bruin, Shawn's wife Wilhelmina Barfield						
Father Hart Frances Duffey						
A Fairy Child Lou Craig						
Setting:—The porch of Maurteen Bruin's cottage.						
Business Manager Rachael Roberts						
Prompter Marie Landry						



Class Day

VENTS at Rockford College Tuesday came thick and fast, beginning with class day ceremonies at ten o'clock, alumnae meeting and banquet at four, and closed with the commencement concert at night. A more ideal day could not have been chosen for the morning exercises on the campus, and the college girls and their audience alike were infused with the spirit of the occasion and entered into all the affairs with enthusiasm.

The Benedict Orchestra played as the Seniors in caps and gowns, followed by the Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen, made their way around the



building, across the terrace, and grouped themselves pictures quely on the lawn.

The "Sleeping Beauty," was the pretty fairy story told in pantomine by the Juniors in the most charming way imaginable.

The Shepherdess Dance, in which appeared the Sophomores in quaint costumes of bright colors, followed, and was one of the good features of the

morning. "Little Red Riding Hood," fairies, flowers, birds, butterflies, wolf, grandmother and all, next appeared, and for this feature the Freshman class was responsible and won its share of applause. The combined effect of the

various colored costumes on the terrace and the grace and beauty displayed, made a fairy-like picture which will not soon be forgotten. The presentation of the cap and gown by the class



of '09 to the class of '10, was impressive, as it always is. usual custom, the morning closed with the flag raising.

According to the M. L. C. '12.

Flag Raising

(The morning closed with the flag raising.)

HERE'S music in the air,
As our banner greets the sun;
All hail her colors fair
With hearts whose love she well has won.

Hail, Oh hail, our flag so dear,
Proudly borne ou breezes light,
Offer homage far and near
To the purple and the white.

There's music in the air,
As we fling our banner wide;
All sing her praises where
She floats aloft in royal pride.

Sing, all sing our flag unfurled, Sing the stirring colors bright, Spread the fame throughout the world, Of the purple and the white.



Commencement Concert

Tuesday, June Fifteenth, Nineteen Hundred and Nine At Eight O'clock in the Evening

Andante and Variations, Op. 46 (two Grace C URTIS				-	Schumann
Serenade—"Hark, Hark the Lark" HELEN BA			-	- S	chubert-Liszt
Faschingsschwank Aus Wien, Op. 26 MILDRED			-	-	Schumann
"Nel cor piu non mi sento" -		-	-	-	Paisiello
Romanza from Faust—"Quando a te	lieta"	-	· _	-	Gounod
Serenata Romana HAZE	 L Sмітн	-	-	-	Rotoli
Second Concerto, Op. 22 (first movem Helen Ba Orchestral part on Seco	RTHOLON	IEW			Saint-Saens
Ballade in A flat, Op. 47 MILDRED	 Blakesi	- .EY	-	-	Chopin
Intermezzo, Op. 117, No. 3		-	-	-	Brahms
Concert Etude in D flat GRACI	 E Curtis	-	-	-	Liszt
Concerto in A minor, Op. 54 (allegro ETHE Orchestral part on Seco	L GEER		- ette S	- Snell	Schumann

Commencement Exercises

Rockford College, June 16, 1909

Organ Prelude—Concert Overture	-	Faulkes
MISS ANNETTE SNELL, Mus. B.		
Processional—Ten thousand times ten thousand - ROCKFORD COLLEGE STUDENTS	-	Dykes
Violin Solo—Romanze in F MRS. ELOISE SPOHR MORGAN	-	Ries
Scripture Reading		
REV. DANIEL E. WILLIAMSON, D.D. Prayer	•	
REV. FRANK W. BARNUM		
Response—Chant of the Lord's Prayer	٠	
ROCKFORD COLLEGE STUDENTS		
Solo—"I do not ask, O Lord" MISS MARGARET LAWSON MULFORD	-	Spross
Commencement Address—"The Student at the Bar of Pu REV. CASPAR WISTAR HIATT, D.D.	blic Ju	ıdgment''
Alma Mater ROCKFORD COLLEGE STUDENTS	-	MacDowell
Presentation of Diplomas		
President Julia H. Gulliver, Ph.D).	
Benediction—The Lord Bless thee and keep thee -	_	Lutkin
ROCKFORD COLLEGE STUDENTS		
Doxology		
Organ Postlude—Postlude in B flat	_	West
MISS ANNETTE SNELL Mus R		

Commencement

Exercises. The Commencement Address was delivered by Rev. Caspar Wistar Hiatt, D.D., whose subject was "The Student at the Bar of Public Judgment." His treatment of his subject was forcible and impressive. A very interesting program was given, and two of the most attractive numbers were the violin solo by Mrs. Morgan, one of Rockford's most talented musicians, and the "I do not Ask O Lord," so beautifully sung by Miss Mulford, one of the popular members of the musical faculty.

After the singing of the Alma Mater with a great deal of spirit and loyalty, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon the following young women:

Miss Lois Cool, Blue Island, Illinois.

Miss Frances Duffey, Rockford, Illinois.

Miss Virginia Helsell, Sioux Rapids, Iowa.

Miss Beulah Johnson, Rockford, Illinois.

Miss Anne Markel, Bartlett, Illinois.

Miss Lillian Moore, Eddyville, Iowa.

Miss Margaret Parr, Rockford, Illinois.

Miss Teckla Peterson, Rockford, Illinois.

Miss Grace Stearns, Humboldt, Iowa.

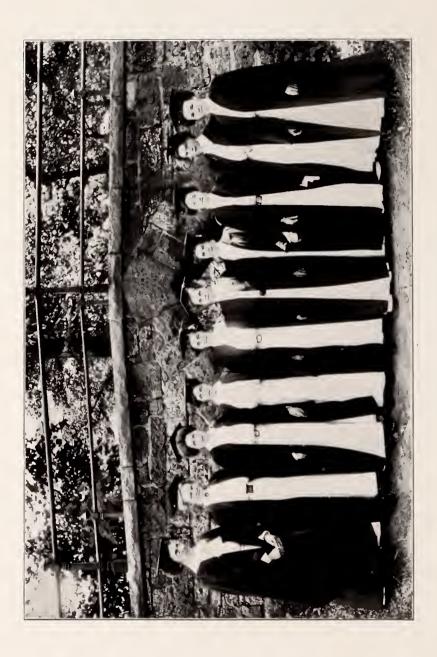
Miss Jean Woodward, Appleton, Wisconsin.

A diploma in music was given to Miss Ethel Geer, Rockford, Illinois; a certificate in Home Economics to Miss Eva Kinzel, Mattoon, Illinois; and a certificate in the Secretarial Course to Miss Lucia Connor, Burlington, Iowa.

Following the distribution of the diplomas came a short address by the president to the graduates, delivered with quiet charm and impressiveness.

To each girl the solemn sweetness of the hour brought rushing memories of the happy college days and a full realization that she was now leaving the dear Alma Mater forever.

M. L. C. '12



"The Old Taugenicht"

LD Herr Bart was bored. "I suppose by every natural law I ought to be content to sit with my pipe and my dreams before this cozy fire. I'm afraid I'm a most improper old man." He laughed whimsically to himself. He wandered to the window, only to shake his head in disgust at the glaring pavement. young man would have been loth to set out on such a day. Herr Bart laughed gleefully as the wind bore down on a dapper little man clinging to a chain attached to a trembling dog. The man lunged uncertainly toward a lamp post and, on reaching it, clung with a dejected air, while the little dog followed with all four legs braced against the ice. Bart rubbed his hands in wanton enjoyment, as the tall silk hat careened gaily down the street and the little dog directed his nose heavenward in pitiful protest. In a few moments the street was empty and the old man turned to the firetinted, book-lined room. From the table he took "Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts."

"That fits me; a good-for-nothing, a never-do-well. Rich, doting daughter-in-law bent on making 'father's' last days easy, that tells the story."

He shrugged his shoulders and, throwing down the book, went into a room beyond, that gave glimpse through the draperies of various musical instruments. He sat down at the piano and ran his hands over the keys. Long, slender hands they were, wonderfully firm and supple for eighty-five years of service. After a little, the old man sat quietly with his hands resting on the keys, and fell into dreams. The past must have slipped by in panorama, for his eyes had the look of one who sees a wonderful picture whose very beauty saps the springs of the heart. His mouth contracted, while his eyes vaguely smiled as if the memories were bitterly sweet. As from a distance, he heard the peal of the door-bell. Again it sounded and still again. With a start he awoke.

"Annie doesn't seem to answer the bell." He rose with forced alacrity as if to hide his stiffness from himself. Through the long glass door he could see a woman's dress whipping in the wind. Hastening, he threw open the door and, with old world gallantry, bowed the visitor in. She had to help him close the door in the face of the blast. As they succeeded, he looked into her face for the first time and smiled, bowing again.

"Fräulein, will you not step in?"

The girl's brown eyes gleamed in sympathy with his smile as she asked, "Is Mrs. Bart in?"

"No, she went in town early this afternoon. But come in and sit by

the fire a bit. You must be worn out with your walk."

"I came only a short distance, but I shall be glad to get warm before I go back, thank you."

By the fire Herr Bart told her of the debonair pedestrian with his silk hat and wailing dog. The girl's laughter bubbled out while the two looked at each other with understanding glee.

"Poor little dog!" she said, feeling suddenly at home with this whitehaired, slender old man with the tread of a patriarch and the mischievous eyes of a boy of ten.

"I am Katherine Whipple, and I came to see if Mrs. Bart could let me have her book of Chopin's Preludes. I cannot get into town today to buy my own copy. There is to be a concert soon, and I must get to work tonight. I already have worked up the 'Raindrop Prelude,' "she ran on, with an amusing air of importance.

"Let us see if we cannot find the music. My daughter will be delighted to let you have it, I know, Fräulein Katherine."

After the music had been found, Katherine slid onto the long piano bench, smiling up at Herr Bart.

"I can't keep my hands where they belong while there is a piano near. I always have to try it to see if it can offer any sympathetic notes for me. Some pianos, you know, scold; others chatter; and some balk, when the keys stick."

Bart nodded gravely, saying with assurance, "This one you will like. Is it not so?" He chuckled to see the delight with which she heard the first pure, ringing notes.

"It is beautiful."

Out of the chords the girl had been playing, came the lingering melody of the "Raindrop Prelude." She played it well, and the old fellow dropped into a low chair close to the piano, breathing a contented sigh. At the end he said, "Bravo! But I must tell you how Chopin played it."

"Chopin?" The girl leaned toward him with eager eyes and parted lips.

"Have you known Chopin?"

"Chopin and I roomed in the same apartment in Paris the winter of 1840."

"Oh tell me about it!" she begged. Again Bart slipped back into the past.

"I was in Paris directing a string sextette. My wife had shut the nouse in Berlin and we took rooms to give her a rest. The pension was full of musicians, and to my delight Chopin was among them. He was well known then, of course; an eccentric man, full of whims and moods. He was a fine looking fellow, but his face was almost effeminate in its delicate beauty. He had a queer way of stopping in the midst of a sentence to sit gazing into thin air as if he saw spirits there that the rest of us could not see." There was a long silence. Then, remembering, the man continued, "But I was to tell you about the prelude.

"One day in early spring, the people in the pension voted to take a trip on the lake. Chopin had an engagement in the afternoon and could not join them. I also was busy. Shortly after our friends had gone, a violent thunder shower came up. It was over shortly but, while it lasted, the rain poured down in torrents, the thunder shook the house, and the rooms glared with lightning. Chopin was always afraid of a storm. He became frantic, paced the room, cursing at every peal of thunder, and covering his eyes as the lightning flashed. I tried to calm him, but his nerves had gone completely from his control. Soon the sun burst forth. Sitting down to the piano he said, as he wiped the perspiration from his face, 'Something ought to come from such torture.'

"Talking to himself all the time, he began the Prelude that you have just played. The beginning was a song of farewell to his friends as they started out for their trip. Then the rain began to fall. The one note that is repeated is the dropping of the rain. With his left hand he made peal upon peal of thunder, and I could get lightning flashes through it all. As the storm increased, he seemed to relieve his agony and a plaintive heart-rending strain ran through the tumult. 'Such is the pain I feel' he murmured.

"Gradually the rush of music quieted to the opening melody, but this time he said he was welcoming his friends home in the vernal sunshine. Oh, it was a great day for me." The speaker rose with an inspired look on

his face.

Katherine rose, too, and held out her hand.

"Herr Bart, may I come again? I feel as though I had talked with Chopin himself. I know my interpretation of the Prelude will be much, much better after this story. Besides you have won a friend," she said shyly.

The white-haired musician waved a last farewell from the top step of the porch. In the house he smiled to himself as he patted "Aus dem Leben

eines Taugenichts."

"Perhaps I am not one with you after all," he said. "When one can win a friend, he is not a good-for-nothing."

ALICE CONSTANCE REESE.

Fairies

O you believe in fairies?" You scoff at the very idea. To be sure, in the black factory smoke as it belches forth from the dingy chimneys, there are demons, who grin hideously as they curl and twist in their fantastic dance above the grayed houses and dirty streets. But how could fairies live in such a place! Yet can you look at that poplar tree as it stands out against the bright gold of the sunset and say there are no fairies? Why, there are myriads of the happiest little fairies dancing among the branches of that tree, tripping now lightly with the breeze, now hurriedly as the wind hastens onward upon its journey, their dresses of silver and green touched with the gold of the setting sun. Why, you can almost hear the music of their tiny harps.

E. ROBERTS.

From the Home Department

My Dear Girls:—Did you ever wake up from a perfectly lovely dream of whiling away long, lazy days in the mountains and find yourself in a pan of hot suds, with dishes to wash, beds to make and dinner to get? Just try it once. It really seemed glorious at first, not to have Livy on my conscience when I took a horse back ride or walk, those perfect autumn days. It tickles my funny bone though, to have people at school say,—"Why can't you write? You haven't a thing to do." They never tried the combination of being chief cook and bottle washer, nurse, maid, telephone girl, errand boy, family critic, and local secretary. It may sound funny to you; and the family. But then, with so many matters of state on my hands, I can hardly be blamed for burning up a dinner or two, or getting soda and baking powder mixed up,—now can I? Mother has sworn off lunch, though I cannot see why, for she has had only two spells of acute indigestion so far this year.

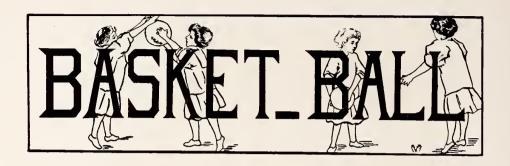
Ethel Stewart, my room-mate last year, lives just a block from me and we compare notes. She has taken up the study of the infant mind, having good material on hand in her four brothers who are perfect terrors. other night we found one of them writing out life insurance for the cat. When Domestic Science in mother's kitchen becomes too strenuous for our jaded nerves, we get on our "kims" and talk Rockford by the hour, thinking of the perfect snap we had last year. Between us, we caused considerable excitement by staying home this year. First report had me married, next flunked, next expelled. I don't doubt that even now some old ladies are hoping for some terrible scandal to come out. No one seemed able to grasp the idea that we were just taking a year off to get acquainted with the family. It's funny, though, how many Rockford girls I've run across; all the Omaha girls of course, Helen Patterson and "Ad" Wright in Denver, Lucia Connor in Omaha, and "Cobb and Hammer" are sorority sisters of my dearest girl friend at Nebraska University. Do you know, it strikes me that every one ought to take a year off now and then to give the things one learns a chance to sift through. I know there wasn't any time to spare for filtering last year. that way, this year has meant a great deal to me and I'll never regret it.

Hoping to see you all before this does, I am

Very sincerely,

ENID M. BEATY.





LINE UP

JUNIORS

Bertha Hunter, Captain Norma Allen Florence Roberts

Franc Judd

Edna Templeton

Date—March 21, 1910. Score—First half—12:11. Final—23:26.

SOPHOMORES

R. F. Gertrude Lutz, Captain

L. F. Doris FullerC. Norma Haegg

R. G. Deboralı Carr L. G. Ella Jensen





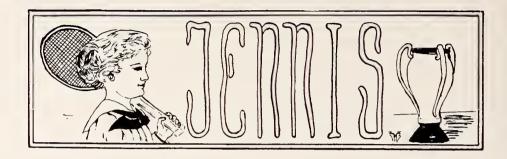
CHAMPIONS

LINE UP

	•	_
SOPHOMORES		FRESHMEN
Gertrude Lutz, Captain	R. F.	Winifred Van Wickle, Captain
Doris Fuller	L. F.	Margaret Randlev
Norma Haegg	C.	Iola George
Deborah Carr	R. G.	Grace Zuttermeister
Ella Jensen	L. G.	Caryl Coman
Date—April 20, 1910.		
Score—First half—16:18		

Date—April 20, 1910. Score—First half—16:18. Final—21:51.





THLETICS always have been a part of Rockford College life, but not until the year 1908-9 did they become a source of interest for so many girls. A tennis tournament, representing all the classes including the "Preps," was to take place in May, 1909, and as a result much class spirit was manifested throughout the tennis season.

Early in the spring a handsome silver cup was placed in Middle Hall where it was admired by all, and where it became a source of inspiration for each girl who was at all familiar with tennis, to get out and practice for the sake of the class of which she was a member. We all became greatly enthused over the game, and by the time the preliminaries were to be played off, the court was in fine shape and the players were prepared for the worst. After lots were drawn to decide which classes should be opposed to each other, the real fun began. Slowly the partakers dropped out until at last the two winners of the Freshman class — Gertrude Lutz and Bess Burton — were to play against the winners of their sister class, the Juniors, who were represented by Rachael Roberts and Esther White. The final game was called on the Saturday before Commencement, and resulted in a proud victory for the Juniors.

After the game Miss Gulliver said a few appropriate words, congratulating both the winners and the enthusiastic spirit manifested by the whole college, and presented to the Juniors the Basket Ball cup which still stands in Middle Hall.

E. H. W. '10

The Unbidden



Nov. 26, 1909. To Miss Helen Chapman, Rockford College:

Mr. Spellman Williams regrets exceedingly that the fraternity convention at Philadelphia the following week prevents his accepting Miss Chapman's kind invitation for the College Promenade, December seventh.

PHI DELTA THETA, Evanston, Ill.

Nov. 29, 1909.

DEAR HELEN:

Hard luck certainly struck me this time. Now, Helen, you know I want to come in the worst way, but that con-

founded knee I got in the Purdue game, refuses to do service, and O! Lord, I can't come. I'd hobble down on one leg, but what's the use? I can't dance.

Yours in despair and gloom,

Bob.

P. S.—I hope you won't be too sweet to the fortunate man.

Dec. 1, 1909.

DEAR MISS CHAPMAN:

The Eureka College Debate team meets the Utopia Forensic Society in the final contest for the interurban debating honors of the Southern Illinois intercollegiate league, on December seventh. Having been honored as representative of Eureka in said contest, I am obliged to relinquish the pleasure of attending the Rockford College Promenade as per your kind invitation.

Yours respectfully,

Johnson P. Johnson.

LUMBERTON, GA., Dec. 3, 1909.

DEAR HELEN:

Note the change of address, and the fact that your invitation only reached me this morning. Am rusticating (by request of the Honorable Faculty), or rather hibernating down here in this one horse Georgia town with nothing to look at but a muscular red-faced Swedish cook, and two lanky sandy haired girls that come down at noon with their fathers' dinner pails. I am working in one of the lumber mills that my brother manages, and I can't say I like it so immensely. Of course I'm repentant and mean to grind hard every night so I can enter next term, but the worst of it is I can't be up North and see you, not even for the holidays. Please write and console a fellow sometimes.

Yours as ever,

JACK.

DEAR MISS CHAPMAN:

Your breezy, interesting letter was a welcome surprise. I would be de-e-lighted to come, but I promised Dorothy Fuller at the Upton's house party last summer, that I would surely come with her, and have



already accepted her invitation. Anyway I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at the Promenade, and hope you will give Dorothy a couple of dances for me.

Yours sincerely,
Sigma Nu, C. WIGHTMAN.
Madison, Wis.

DEAR HELEN:

It was ripping of you to remember me and especially with the honor of taking you to the Prom. I'd give my eyes for the privilege, but if you want to know why I can't (dis)grace the occasion after all, take a look at the Majestic bill this week.

VEBBER AND VALKER
VERSATILE
VARSITY

VAUDEVILLIANS!!

which means yours truly, or rather Karl Meyer and I. The governor's views in regard to education aren't liberal enough. Result, Puggy and I endeavor to elevate the drama nightly after lectures, for the benefit of Schaffner, Adler & Stein, Mrs. Peterson, the landlady, and the other rapacious unworthies that prey around seeking what Freshmen's allowances they may devour.

If you had written sooner, I could have hired a substitute, but although I chased around the Loop fourteen and a half times, no one was willing to shake in my shoes for the evening. As we can't very well break our contract, I shall have to forego the infinite pleasure of coming. I say, hang the luck!!!

If you think of me again, a dozen ironclad Schubert contracts wouldn't keep me back.

Yours,

THE VEBBER V. V.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 4, 1909.

DES MOINES, Ia., Dec. 5, 1909.

DEAR HELEN:

At last Opportunity knocks at my door! Received the telegram offering the position of assistant to the States Attorney at Seattle, Washington. Needless to say I accepted, and only the presence of several dignitaries in the

office prevented me from executing a whooping war-dance on my own account. The post is the chance of any fellow's life, opening the way as it does to some pretty big things if he makes good, and I only hope I won't prove a back number. There was lively competition, and being an outsider, I had considered my chances about nil. I have a lurking idea that a certain unmentioned letter from the Judge helped the decision more than anything else. To the Judge I am indebted more than words can say for not only has he given me the use of his library, but his time and experience in clearing up some of the knotty points for me. When I rushed over to his desk with the news it was worth all the work and grind of the past to see his fatherly pride and hear his "Well done, Brice!" But greatly indebted as I am to your father it is to you I owe the most, for surely you must have known that you were the inspiration that enabled me to plough my way through all the difficulties to the goal. It was a keen disappointment to learn that you would spend the holidays away from home, for I had counted on your coming before I left the first of the year. The gods evidently grant their favors sparingly.

About seven-eights of your all too short letter was devoted to the Promenade. I understand it is the social event of the college year, and being Chairman must involve a great amount of responsibility on your small shoulders. But why should you worry? Anything in your hands is bound to

prove a success.

I realize I am rather out of the running, so would not dream of expecting an invitation. Beyond the nights at law school, I am not what you would call a college man. I haven't a lovely pompadour, a lilt to the cut of my clothes, or a natty "just off the yacht" air about me. Peddling papers at five,

office boy at ten, cub reporter at fourteen, and law clerk up to the present date, studying nights, and incidentally helping a mother and a family of sisters and brothers isn't conducive to the brilliancy of one's youth. However, I am not envious. The fight has been all mine, and then again. had it been otherwise, there might not have been you. I trust you will find it in your heart to be so gracious as to permit my seeing you once before I leave for the West country. Sincerely yours,

JOHN BRICE.

TELEGRAM: Dec. 6, 1909.

Mr. John Brice, Des Moines, Ia.

Promenade to-morrow night. Will you come? Please. Helen.

TELEGRAM:

Miss Helen Chapman, Rockford College. Will be there.

J. B.

Practical Applications of Knowledge

Dear Rockford Girls:

Do you know that you really can't fully appreciate your college course until after you leave college? Ever since I left Rockford, I have realized how very much worth while everything I studied there is going to be all through my life. For instance, whenever I've gone over to Europe, my German has been almost invaluable. In Munich a man attempted to take my purse, but I said, "Ach nein!" and he gave it back at once. I shall never forget how thankful I was that I had had my German course.

On the steamer one of the passengers was very ill. "Too much acid in the blood" her physician had said. Poor, misguided mortal! She was eating oranges and grape fruit to correct her lamentable condition. "My dear madam," I said, politely but firmly, "In order to promote the alkalinity of the blood, fruit should never be indicated." I then explained what her diet should be. If it hadn't been for my struggles with *Huchison* last year, no doubt the poor woman would now be quite dead.

In Persia I purchased a few little rugs of a shrewd old dealer, who, not knowing that I was a Rockford girl, tried to sell me a *Senna* for a *Saraband*. I eyed him coldly and said, "Sir, the pears in that rug are all turned in the same direction." He threw up his hands in dismay and as a mark of his respect for my knowledge, presented me with the rug.

And chemistry! I happened to be in a large lumber yard in Los Angeles when a fire broke out. As no one seemed to be able to control the blaze, I took matters in my own hands, and with a little hydrochloric acid and potassium carbonate, which I found in a couple of bottles near by, I made a wet fire extinguisher which quickly put out the fire.

But of all my courses, freshman English has proved the most thoroughly practical. I have been able to return all my friends' letters, neatly corrected, with marginal references to *Wooley*. Now I rarely receive a letter with even a *shall* for a *will*. Yet still more practical than the rhetoric and composition, has been the seven hundred and fifty lines of *Golden Treasury* which are now a part of my vocabulary. These "selections from the best

songs and lyrical poems in the English language" come back to me again and again, always at the crucial moment, giving me suitable language to express my feelings. At the end of my letters I frequently quote from Shakespeare's *Young Love*, "Reply, reply."

When the fuse of the electric light burns out at eight-thirty, I murmur,

"When I consider how my light is spent

Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide."

As I purchased a ridiculously expensive hat, the words rang in my ears "When lovely woman stoops to folly."

And my crabbed old wash woman recalls

· "She is not fair to outward view."

When a check comes from home, I exclaim

"My heart leaps up when I behold."

But best of all, when I am embarrassed by having my own name escape me, I repeat William Blake's exquisite little poem, *Infant Joy*, until I come to the line "Joy is my name!" and thus recover my equanimity.

These are merely a few examples of the practical applications which one may make of one's college education. Still declaring that *ninetecntwelve* is *the* class next to *nineteen-ten*, I am,

Most sincerely,

LAURA JOY HAWLEY.







TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

Who departed this life on the 22nd day of January, 1910



HESE simple lines stand as a witness of increasing grief for him, who, excelling in whatever is most admirable in a cat, and adding to the exercise of the sublimest virtues the beauties of a sweet and gentle nature, enhanced by a voice soft and melodious beyond comparison, won a generous place in the hearts and affections of all who had the fortune to come in contact with him. Like a true hero, he nobly died the death of a martyr, giving boundless opportunity for the world to verify, with one more degree of surety, the facts which science had deemed true. His service to posterity can never be overestimated. This humble tribute is but to soothe the sorrowing breast of one who deeply feels the loss.

But may not the sorrow be ever so slightly mitigated by the last words of John Adams,—"Thomas Jefferson still survives." M. B. '10



Recent Books by Popular Authors

- "That Old Sweet-heart of Mine"-Lella Fuller.
- "The Involuntary Chaperone"—Miss Northey.
- "Artie"—Mary Rogers.
- "The House of Mirth"—Hazel Amborn and Winifred Van Wickle.
- "The Circular Stairway"—Marguerite Stevens.
- "Handsome Men I have Known"—Mae Duncan.
- "The Mystery of Education"—Florence Klinkenburg.
- "When Bobby and Dolly Were Five"—Gertrude Lutz and Norma Allen.
- "The Men of the Mountains"—Mary Abbott.
- "When I Grow Up"—Gladys Murdough.
- "The Strollers"—Lillian Bitler and Eunice Bowman.
- "The Legend—Tales of Men"—Gladys Roberts.

Margaret Randlev—Speaking of the mail being snow bound for five days—"That wouldn't be any fun! I wouldn't like to get three or four letters from the same person at once."—Now the question is, how often does he write?

A TRUE GENTLEMAN

(As defined in a freshman's theme.)

"He is a refreshing drink for the thirsty, a cooling breeze for the fevered, and a comfortable seat for the weary."

A POOR PUN FOR A PROFESSOR

Miss C.—"Miss Ayres doesn't like to air her mind."

BITS OF SENIOR WISDOM

Louise:—inquiring anxiously—"Has the *next* period begun yet?"
Rachael, enthusiastically—"Now let's all get together by ourselves and practice these songs."

Buddy's work on the board in Logic, discloses a truly wonderful fact, namely, that "No non-harmless beings are all non-intoxicants."

Impromptu

(With apologies to Byron)

The unfledged M. S. authors come; Thou takest all and readeth some— My Murrie.

With little clock in leather red
Thou sittest there for judge instead,
With frowns enuf to scare the dead,
My Murrie.

The things we write are poor forsooth, And all our efforts most uncouth—
Thou sparest not to tell the truth—
My Murrie.

Upon thy table's baize so green
My very latest theme is seen,
To have it read I'm not so keen—
My Murrie.

This year in June, when fully crammed, We'd rather pass and not be slammed, And if we don't, — — — !

My Murrie.

Favorite colors of Preparatory students—Green and White.

Conditions we are sometimes told Are governed by the stars But 'tis not so at old R. C., For Miss Nye gives us ours.

SUCH CONSTANCY

M. K. in Logic—"If (h)E is false, I will be true."

Some Rockford College Dailies



In Room 84

Miss C.—"Explain the action in seene IV."

R. R.—"It seemed to me—, that is—, er—, When I read it over—er, I thought—"

Miss C. (delightedly)—"Exactly. It carries on the story, advances the plot, gives atmosphere and is a fine example of dramatic irony. Is that what you meant?"

R. R. (somewhat dazed)—"Yes—I think so."

Florence D. inquiring of Miss P.—"Who sits on the German table this time?"

G. L. eoming out of history class and sniffing suspiciously—"Oh! Hash." Echo, from the rear—"Oh! Gosh."

With apologies to the Beloit *Code*:r—"Clinton Milan Osborne—Honorary member of Rockford College."

"AT SMITH"

Miss Batson talks of college:

"What college?" did you say?

Why really, can't you hear her?

"At Smith, we did this way!"

"At Smith, we don't cut classes."

"At Smith, the spirit's fine."

"At Smith, we all play basket ball."

And "Oh, it's Smith for mine!"

"No more education,
Wedding bells for mine."

"Shrimp & Dit"—publishers.

"Tardy Shall Not Ring Tonight."

T a dance at Rockford College, not so very long ago,
Glided the young men and maidens to the music soft and low.
And the last notes meant a parting to a man and maiden fair,
He a student from Chicago, she a girl at college there.
He with sudden inspiration, turned to her with face alight:
"Dot," he cried, "We'll fix it some how, tardy must not ring tonight."

"Rush," then calmly spoke the maiden, "That blamed bell rings every night,

And it always keeps on ringing, till the men are out of sight."

But a chair he quickly mounted, with his kerchief stuffed the bell:

Then went on serenely dancing, thinking no one saw to tell.

Thru the gym rang merry laughter, men and maids thot all was right,

And they danced until 10:30 — Tardy did not ring that night.



Sparks From the Comet

Miss B. (in history class), "It isn't fear of the police that keeps me from going down town and robbing a bank, it's a moral instinct inherited from several generations of law-abiding ancestors."

G. L. (in French class), "What size shoes do you wear, Monsieur?" "Half-past sevens."

Extreme stinginess of their companions compelled Edna H. and Maie W. returning from Miss Spafford's, to work the street car conductor for a ride.

Miss G. (in ethics class), "If smoking were disagreeable to you, and a man asked you if you objected to his smoking, would it be a lie for you to reply 'no'?"

Miss E. W. "The truth would be subjected to the law of love."

Sophomores honor unsuspecting Seniors with a theatre party at "The Beauty Spot."

Best letters in the alphabet — C. O. D. (Collect of Dad).

Heard in Logic class: "Miss Penfield, will you please extend John Jones?"

Miss B-t--n, on the tennis court:

"I have a perfectly dandy serve, but I can't get the ball over the net.

C. C., watching her favorite faculty drive away: "Would that I were a horse that I might draw that carriage!"

May eighteenth, 4:00 A. M.

House awakened by heated discussion between rival factions, one claiming a brilliant constellation in the east as Halley's comet, the other a large subdued light on the horizon to the north. Imminent disaster was averted by the discovery that the former was the morning star and the latter the town clock.



Advertisements too Late to Classify

Are you graceful?
Do you know how to waltz?
Can you cross the floor like a poem?
Can you two step rapidly and with ease?

A COURSE IN

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will correct any defects in your early training and make you dance like a dream.

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MADAME HOTCHKISS

Reviews your past, knows your present and guesses at your future. Charges reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

Room 59.

Mother Goose at Rockford College

Ι

Hark! hark!
The dogs do bark:
The freshmen are coming to college.
Some are green,
Some are keen,
But all are eager for knowledge.

H

Math is wild vexation,
Hist'ry just as bad,
Psychology perplexes me
And Science drives me mad.

III

Upon my word and truth,
Once in my early youth,
I did see Freshmen
Breaking rules:
Upon my word and truth!

IV.

There is a wise teacher, (I've heard this is true) Who has so many students She doesn't know what to do. She makes them read books And she gives them such tests That of all things they take, They like English the best.

V

One bright and sunny Sunday As on the steps I sat, A girl went dashing by me, With her gay new Easter hat. I began to compliment, But she'd not even grin And I heard her murmur faintly, "I'm late to church again."

VI

Rest, Annual Board, on Fame's lofty top, When you cut classes, your cradle will rock, But the "cons" will come out, and your cradle will fall And then down comes your credits, the Annual and all.



Consideration

Little Lella was excited, was all tremulous with fear, Lest her name with some one else's in the Annual appear. We'd not thot to mention Lella, We knew naught to tell of her, Till she came to us and threatened All the dreadful things she'd do

If we mentioned her with R—————;
So we'll not, of course. Would you?

GOOD MANNERS AND GOOD FORM

"Is it ever necessary to ask a young gentleman to call?"

This question is exceedingly difficult for us to answer, but no doubt extreme measures must sometimes be resorted to. We advise you to consult Miss Eddy or Miss L. Greene about this,

"What should one say after being told by a person that he is glad to have met you."

Merely smile and thank him. The great ease with which he says it probably indicates his experience in that line of "bluff."

"Should I thank an escort for bringing me home from an entertainment?" By all means, and if possible convey to him the idea of the still greater

pleasure it would have given you to have had him escort you to the entertinment.

"Is it improper to introduce ladies to gentlemen?"

Not at all, and your girl friends will no doubt appreciate it.

"What should a short person do with their feet at the table?"

Try to keep them under it, if possible.

"Is it proper for a young lady to write a letter to a young man if he has written several cards to her, but never asked for a reply."

Here is another difficult problem. However, we should advise you to save your stamps as the young man is probably not matrimonially inclined, and your efforts would be of more avail, if directed elsewhere,



Our Faculty

Miss Northey's our librarian,
She's very cross you know.
She scares the Freshmen half to death
When off with books they go.

She's very strict in library,
No noise permitted there,
But days when *she's* inclined to talk,
We students go elsewhere.

"Precisely! exactly! one day my wife"
Says frequently Monsieur Patet.
He's really quite a genial man,
Though bored at things we say.

"Ugh! bete! stupid! precisely that?"
He shrugs his shoulders high:
But just the same, he's apt to hand
Good gradings to Miss Nye.

Our nurse is Mrs. Elmore, She's very good and kind, But if she had her awful way, We'd do nothing but grind. No spreads, no findge, no dream cakes, No Sophomore-Freshman fights, For after pastimes such as these She's very busy nights.

When Fraulein Behrens comes to class Her pupils shake with fear, For oft as not, she says real mad— "What 'foule Luft' is here!" Or else the "Dampf" is not turned on, The pipes are cold as ice— "Gus" is the most corrupt of men, And merits end "sehr heiss."

LINES TO A STUDENT

My heart doth sink when I behold
A "Busy" on Peg's door;
It hangs there when I come today,
It's hung there oft before.
It hangs there when the night is old,
Or in the early morn:
Miss B—— sits behind that door,
I do not dare intrude;
To ask for entrance here and now
Would really be quite rude.

The Rime of the Hard-Pressed Student

(With apologies to Coleridge).

T is our Tolo President
That stoppeth one of three,
"Oh bother," quoth the pretty maid,
"Now wherefor stoppest me?"

"I merely wished to tell you That any time you choose, I'll be most happy to receive Your long past Tolo dues."

It is a jolly Junior Politely beckons thee, "By that strange glamour in thine eye, Wherefor dost beckon me?"

"Twas merely to remind you, That when your purse is full, You really ought to sign, you know, For a Junior Annual."

It is the timid laundress Wishes to speak with thee. "By that last fancy waist you spoiled What woulds't thou have with me?"

"Why — really, it is nothing — And — yet, — if you but will, I really need most awf'lly bad Your last month's laundry bill."

Its letters in your mail box, A dozen more or less, From Stewart's, from the Pal., from Burr's — And at the rest, you guess.

It is the care worn father, Opens the morning mail, But stop — propriety forbids Continuing the tale.

Did You Ever

Notice how often Bertha Hunter comes over to the college on Friday and Saturday nights? Why?

Know College girls to arrive at church on time?

See Caryl Coman floating around the halls after tardy?

Want to study in the library, when the girl across the table was in a conversational mood?

Find out who took Miss Carr's ice cream?

Ask the Physiology pupils what they know of Thomas Jefferson?

Learn what Junior privileges really are?

Want to take a bath when Lou Greene had the tub? Waiting!

Find out what brand of powder Hazel Amborn uses?

Know Miss Burnham to bid 'double nulla'?

See the minutes of the Freshmen meetings? They read as follows in a certain place:—"It was voted that Gertrude Lutz be the class champion basket ball player for the Sophomores and Norma Allen for the Juniors—Meeting adjourned."

See Gladys Eddy present the "Nelson Trio" in their new vaudeville stunts? Don't fail to do so.



The Elected

Who is the Handsomest Girl?

There were several candidates here, but owing to a stuffed Ballot and constant use of Pompeian massage cream, Kathleen Hoole came out ahead, with Helen Bartholomew, as exploiter of Hind's Honey and Almond Cream, a close second.

Who is the Greatest Grind?

Dorothy Riedesel, Florence McMillen and Katherine Foltz had a very close contest here — but after Katherine dropped a few hours work, the first place was awarded to her.

Who is the Most Religious?

First Place awarded to Miss Frances Green. Second Place to Miss Martha Dunton, who never misses a church service (unless she can't get an excuse).

Who is the Freshest?

For some time Frances Oliver held undisputed first place here; at present however, she shares the honors with Jeanette McMaster and Margnerite Patet.

Who is Your favorite Actor?

Frances Cornwell stuffed the Ballot here for Mr. Dingle of the Grace Hayward Co., but it was of no use, as the large majority were in favor of an Orpheum Star.

What is the Best Course in College?

There was much discussion about this, but the judges finally gave honors to Sophomore English, as many people seem to take it more than once.

What is the Biggest Snap?

Without a dissenting vote, first place was given to Biological Laboratory courses — with Mathematics a close second.

What Sort of a Man Do We Like Best?

Unanimously voted to be one who will accept a Prom invitation and not send regrets at the eleventh hour.

Who is the Most Cheerful Liar?

First place — Myrtle Barber — award due to the complacency with which she announces that Miss Gulliver has resigned her position and that she will conduct the ethics class the remainder of the semester. Second place — Louise Greene.

Who is the Most Conceited?

There was heavy voting here: Caroline Williams, Cornelia Brown, and Lella Fuller all received about the same number of votes. Lella Fuller absent-mindedly voted for herself and is awarded first place.

Who is the Worst Knocker?

Mary Abbott had a hard fight for this honor. Ruth Preston and "Tige" Forrest withdrew to get their breath and Hazel Upson came in for second place.

Who is the Most Awkward?

"Imp" Allen, "Buddy" Tucker, and Marie Carson came out first here. Mabel Blair and Alice Mo flitted gracefully about but failed to win honors.

Who is the Laziest?

Iola George first and all the time. Dorothy Wheelock (who always rises promptly at 10 A. M. Saturdays) is second. Third, "Eddie" Rendall, whose ability to skip committee work is prodigious.

What is your Favorite Amusement?

Doorwyn girls voted unanimously for "eating" — Memorial girls for entertaining men — Penfield "Preps" for the Orpheum and Majestic, while the girls in the Main Building voted heavily for visiting after tardy.

What is the Greatest Achievement in your College Career?

Rachael Roberts says, "Learning English from the Original." Jeanette Burke says: "Taking a beauty prize at the Farmer's Ball." "Buddy" Tucker says, "Acquiring dignity at Beaver Dam."

"Tot" Hotchkiss says, "Learning to appreciate a higher education."

Dorothy Wheelock says, "Convincing the faculty of my intellectual superiority."

Alice Burton says, "Keeping my room-mate in the straight and narrow path."

Caroline Williams says, "Playing cards scientifically."

"Billy" Barfield says: "Getting thru Freshmen Math."

"Mutty" Dunton says: "Going to the theatre without a chaperone." June Keith says: "Getting married." So say we all.

Who is the Most Popular Girl in College?

We are unable to decide owing to every one voting for Herself?

Who Thinks She Is?

The following cast more than one vote so deserve special mention: Mary Cheshire, Alma Yankey, Clara Arthur, and Ruth Hathaway.

SIPOLA EDITORS Clara Il Muyo, 2 sule gone Later 3 sule gone Edna Jung manager gangleton manager Edna Subrengheton manager subrengheton manager

Mary J. Kraew arbutant saitor.

Marson-1 Bertha Hunter, Ausmes Wanager Thomas M. Hae







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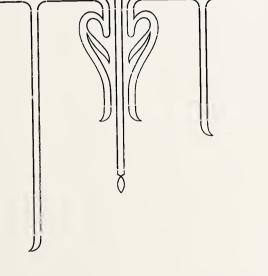
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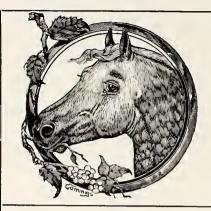
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